

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER 1897.

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THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER 1897.

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*THE ENGLISHMAN'S CALENDAR.*

OCTOBER.

- 1 Dr. John Blow, musician, d. 1708.
- 2 Major André executed, 1780.
- 3 John Banister, musician, d. 1679.
- 4 Miles Coverdale's translation of the Bible completed, 1535.  
John Rennie, engineer, d. 1821.
- 5 Lord Halifax appointed First Lord of the Treasury, 1714.  
Horace Walpole b. 1717.
- 6 Jesse Ramsden, mechanician, b. 1735.  
Alfred Tennyson, poet, d. 1892.
- 7 The lines of Torres Vedras, 1810.
- 8 Henry Fielding, novelist, d. 1754.
- 9 Sir John Maynard, judge, d. 1690.
- 10c. Duns Scotus, schoolman, 1265-1308.
- 11 Battle of Camperdown, Admiral Lord Duncan, 1797.  
J. P. Joule, physicist, d. 1889.
- 12 Novum Organon licensed, 1620.  
Vincent Wallace, musician, d. 1865.
- 13 Matthew Paris, historian, 1247.
- 14 Battle of Hastings, 1066.  
Francis Glisson, physician, d. 1677.
- 15 Robert Herrick, poet, buried, 1674.
- 16 Bishops Latimer and Ridley burnt, 1555.  
John Hunter, surgeon and anatomist, d. 1793.
- 17 Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, 1397, 1406, 1419.
- 18 Charles Babbage, scientific inventor, d. 1871.
- 19 Sir Thomas Browne, physician and author, b. 1605, d. 1682.
- 20 Thomas Linacre, physician and scholar, d. 1524.
- 21 Henry Lawes, musician, d. 1662.  
Battle of Trafalgar, Lord Nelson, 1805.
- 22 John Hough, President of Magdalen, 1687.
- 23 Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel d. 1707.
- 24 Archbishop Tillotson d. 1694.
- 25 Geoffrey Chaucer, poet, d. 1400.

- 25 Battle of Agincourt, Henry V., 1415.
- 26*c.* Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* published, 1516.
- 27 George Morland, painter, d. 1804.  
John Jenkins, musician, d. 1678.
- 28 Alfred the Great d. 901.  
Sir Christopher Wren b. 1632.
- 29 Sir Walter Raleigh d. 1618.
- 30 The Caledonian Canal opened, 1822.
- 31 Admiral Lord Dundonald d. 1860.

(3) Banister has the credit of starting public concerts in London, of which the first was held at his house 'over against the George Tavern in Whitefriars' on Monday, December 30, 1672. (4) The Plymouth Breakwater, the London, and the East India Docks, and the three bridges, Waterloo, Southwark, and new London, are among the works of Rennie. (6) Ramsden's instruments for scientific purposes were in demand all over Europe. Delambre styles him 'le plus grand de tous les artistes.' (7) The day on which the Allied Army went into winter quarters behind the lines. (11) Joule will be ever memorable for his researches on the mechanical equivalent of heat. (13) Matthew Paris was present on this day at the ceremonies attending the translation of the relics of Edward the Confessor to Westminster Abbey. Henry III., aware that Paris was writing the chronicles of his time, called him to sit on a step of the throne, and urged him to write a full account of the whole matter in his book. (20) This great physician taught Greek to Sir Thomas More, and was praised by Erasmus for his classical learning. The foundation of the College of Physicians, in 1518, was mainly owing to him, and he bequeathed large estates for the endowment of chairs of medicine at Oxford and Cambridge. (22) Hough's fame rests on the courage with which, at the head of the Fellows of Magdalen, he resisted the illegal attempt of James II. to impose a President on the College. (27) John Jenkins is said to have been the earliest English composer of instrumental music.

J. M. S.



*AGINCOURT.*

OCTOBER 25, 1415.

*AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY.*

It was the spring of the year 1415, and all England was filled with the noise of military preparations, which were going forward with an energy unknown since sixty years. The King's bowyer had received orders to furnish bow-staves, and his agents were scouring the country in search of them. The sergeant of the waggons, with an army of carpenters, smiths, and wheelwrights, was busily making ready the wheeled transport. The sergeant of the King's farriers was collecting iron, and horse-shoes and smiths, and all things necessary for his department. Contractors were hunting for masons and turners and joiners and artificers of all kinds, to form what would now be called a corps of engineers. The sheriffs of several counties were travelling from market-town to market-town, buying up cattle; and the bakers and brewers of Winchester and Southampton were cramming their ovens with bread and their vats with ale by the King's special order. For the English soldier then as now required to be well fed, and an army travels ever on its stomach. Everywhere there was bustle and hurry, and chaffering and bargaining, and, it is probable, swindling; assiduous scriveners were covering slips of parchment with strange hieroglyphics presently to be made valid by lumps of red wax, king's officers comparing these slips with similar slips of the twentieth year of King Edward III., and sly contractors smiling and rubbing their hands gently at the prospect of good profits.

The fighting men too had received their orders; and here again the contractor was hard at work, sorting out foot-archers and mounted archers and men-at-arms. In many a house the armour was overhauled and refitted, and wives and daughters sat stitching with heavy hearts at silken tabards and linen sheets, and the homelier garments which were to fill the valises of their lords. The pay-list had been issued, and every man knew what his wages were to be: the knight two shillings a day, the

squire and the man-at-arms one shilling, and the archer sixpence. A short seventy years since Crecy had sufficed to double the archer's wages; but four centuries were to pass away before they should be doubled again.

At sea there was no less activity than ashore. Not a ship of twenty tons burden and upwards in all the ports, even to Newcastle-on-Tyne, but had been seized by the King's orders and impressed for the King's service. Emissaries had been for weeks in Holland, hiring vessels; and the clumsy, heavy-sterned tubs were passing over in fleets to the English coast. Moreover, selected masters were searching every hole and corner for mariners to man these transport-ships. In the North there was activity in guarding the marches, for England had never fought a war yet, but the Scotch seized the moment to cross the border; but in the South all were preparing for an expedition beyond sea. The tomb of tall King Edward was still bright in the Abbey, the arms of the Black Prince not yet worn to blackness over his monument at Canterbury; and now another king, conscious of great military talent and thirsting for military fame, was about to essay the task of the conquest of France.

One difficulty alone stood in his way—a deficiency of cash. For, in spite of the generosity of Parliament, money had fallen short, and the King was obliged to appeal to all loyal subjects for an advance, offering such security as would, 'with the grace of God,' content them. The divine grace apparently was lacking, for, though a few comfortable sums were contributed, the appeal was a failure. The case was desperate, for the King had already advanced one quarter's pay to his retinue, and had promised them another on the day of embarkation; and it would have been sad waste if the first instalment had been thrown away to no purpose. But the retinue cared little for that. The promise had been made, and the King's word was doubtless good; but unless the second instalment were paid, or good security given for payment, not a man, even the humblest of them, would embark. So the Crown jewels were broken up and pawned, and a 'paxbrede enamelled white, and a crucifix with an image of the blessed Mary and St. John the Evangelist,' went among other articles in part payment for six lances and eighteen archers. One creditor actually received a fragment of the Holy Coat in satisfaction of his demands. Thus the sinews of war were braced; and after some further delay through internal troubles the day of rendezvous was

fixed, and all men were ordered to be at Southampton within three days of July 29.

Then began the work of embarkation at Southampton and the neighbouring havens. Not a chronicler has vouchsafed us a word as to the scene, so we must conjure up each for ourselves what picture we may. Three hundred and forty ships lay in Southampton water alone, and we must imagine as we can the groups around the banners of the knights, the squires painfully solicitous for the precious armour that was committed to their keeping, the men-at-arms not less anxious in looking after their own, the archer, with the red cross of St. George conspicuous across his chest, tenderly nursing his long yew bow, the jostling of the sailors, the chatter of the townsfolk, and the angry neighing of the Spanish war-horses. Thirty thousand men, combatant and not combatant, and several thousand horses were to be got on board—a formidable task even in these days. At last, on August 10, the King came down and embarked on the *Trinity Royal*. The sailors flew aloft and loosed the mainsail, and, at the signal, ships of all shapes and sizes came swarming out of the other havens by scores and by hundreds. Next day the whole flotilla, not less, it is reckoned, than fifteen hundred sail, steered southward with a fair wind for the mouth of the Seine. Old men and women and children on the shore stood watching till the sails were but tiny points on the horizon; Hampshire yeomen on the fleet strained their eyes for a last glimpse of the Needles; and the first act of a great campaign was begun.

For two whole days the Channel claimed its tribute from thirty thousand landsmen, for the fairest of weather could not but have been trying to such small craft. Yet there seems to have been no very serious loss, either of men or of horses, and the arrangements of 1415 shine by comparison with those for the Irish war of 1689. Still there must have been joy among the thirty thousand when, on the evening of August 13, the transports anchored before Harfleur. A few officers were landed that night and sent forward to reconnoitre, and next day the disembarkation, which even a small body of defending troops might have rendered extremely difficult, was effected without resistance.

Then came the work of landing the stores, and of organising the army for service. The force was divided, according to rule and precedent, into three divisions, called vanguard, battle, and rearguard; which in action took their place as first, second, and third

line respectively. Each consisted partly of archers and partly of men-at-arms—of infantry, that is to say, and of cavalry; and the distribution of the different corps had no doubt been arranged before the flotilla sailed from England. But, over and above this, there was a new departure in an English army, a great train of the best and newest artillery, including several choice pieces known by such pet names as the 'London' and the 'King's Daughter,' which had been imported by Henry from Germany, and were now landed, doubtless amid loud expressions of astonishment from the whole army, under the superintendence of four German gunners.

Then the articles of war were issued, being the same which had been drawn up by Richard II. in 1386, and, what was far more to the mind of Henry, had been inspired by the spirit of the Black Prince. We need mention only the first article, which is headed 'Obeysaunce': 'That all manner of men, of whatsoever nation, estate, and condition he be, be obedient to our Sovereign Lord the King, and to his constable and marshal.'<sup>1</sup> An army needs few rules, if any, besides this, provided that it be enforced; and Henry, as we shall presently see, was not the man to suffer it to be ignored.

It speaks volumes for the discipline of the army and for Henry's talent for organisation that on August 17, only three days after disembarkation, he was able to move his force up to Harfleur, and two days later to invest it completely. Then came five weeks of such a siege as has rarely been witnessed. For the old art of war was dying and the new art just coming to birth, so that the instruments of both were strangely mingled together. Quaint engines, which might have been used by the Romans, played their old part in slinging stones into one quarter of the town, while a little way off the German gunner stood over his cannon with powder-scale and ladle and rammer, using villainous saltpetre and a metal tube to accomplish exactly the same result. Here a wooden tower rose high above the walls, and rival archers exchanged showers of arrows; there the spade was diligently and scientifically at work, and the siege was pushed by sap and mine and countermine. The French garrison was weak, but made a gallant resistance, and it soon found a most effective and terrible ally. Dysentery, the scourge of armies, as Napoleon called it, raged with awful fury in the trenches, and

<sup>1</sup> These two officers corresponded, roughly speaking, to the Adjutant and Quarter-master General.

presently spread from besiegers to besieged. Still both parties stuck vigorously to their work, and it was not until September 19 that the garrison sent a message to the King, begging him that he would make his gunners cease, for the fire was intolerable. Three days later the capitulation was signed, and Harfleur received an English garrison. It was the first town that the English had reduced by the fire of cannon.

But Henry was by no means satisfied. His losses through sickness had been appalling; quite two-thirds of his force had melted away, dead or invalided; the season for campaigning was far advanced; but he had no intention of sailing back to England from Harfleur. He would be called coward, he said, if he did so; and he would march across France to Calais and embark there. His real motive beyond all doubt was emulation of the two great Plantagenet soldiers. Edward III. had marched aimlessly through France, from the Seine to the Somme, and had won Crecy; the Black Prince had made a wild raid from the Dordogne to the Loire and had fought Poitiers on his way back; and Henry too meant to make his march through France and fight such another action as they had fought. So he reorganised the remnants of his force into a flying column of ten thousand men, collected provisions for eight days, parked his precious waggons in Harfleur, set all that he meant to take with him on pack-horses, and marched away northward along the coast for Calais (October 8).

Meanwhile the French, disorganised though they were through the insanity of their king, Charles VI., began to bestir themselves, and collected an army of 60,000 men, 14,000 of them men-at-arms, together with several thousand archers and crossbowmen. Their simplest plan for barring Henry's march was to hold the line of the Somme, as Philip VI. had attempted to hold it against King Edward III. Henry was prepared for this; it was quite in accordance with precedent; and he too would follow the precedent of his great ancestor and cross the Somme as Edward had crossed it, low down by the tidal ford of Blanche Tache. But his advanced parties came back from reconnaissance with the intelligence that the ford was impracticable and the passage strongly beset on both sides of the river. Henry swung sharp round to the eastward and made a dash at Pont de Rémy to secure the passage there. He was repulsed. He moved further up the river to Hangst and tried to cross there, still further up to

St. Audemar and tried to cross there; all was in vain. Every bridge was broken down, and every crossing-place was held in force. It was plain that he was more effectually entrapped even than his great predecessor.

The eight days for which supplies had been provided were now past, and the situation of the English became most critical. The hare-brained expedition in quest of glory had turned to a very serious matter, and it behoved Henry to pluck himself out of the difficulty if he could. Retreat he would not; force the passage of the Somme he could not; but it was still possible by forced marches to outstrip the French and pass round their flank, and even if necessary to turn the head-waters of the Somme. He took his decision at once, and marched with all speed up the river past Amiens to Nesle. Here, to his joy, he learned from a countryman of a ford, the access to which lay across a morass. Two causeways that provided a footing over the morass had been broken down by the French, but these could be easily repaired. Houses in the neighbourhood were pulled down to provide material, and what with straw, wood, faggots and rubbish, the causeways were restored sufficiently to admit the passage of three horsemen abreast. All was conducted in the most perfect order, and the King himself was indefatigable in the work. He took personal charge of one end of the causeways and appointed special officers to attend to the other. Then the baggage passed along one path, and the men along the other; and morass and river were successfully traversed between eight in the morning and an hour before dusk of an October day.

But now, for some unexplained reason, the French, who were lying in force at Peronne, retreated towards the north-west; sending, however, a challenge to Henry to fix time and place for a pitched battle. 'I am marching straight to Calais through open country,' he replied. 'You will have no difficulty in finding me;' and he continued his advance. At Peronne he struck the line of the French march and looked for an immediate engagement (October 20). The force moved in order of battle, every man fully armed and ready for action; while the archers, by Henry's order, carried stakes, eleven feet long and pointed at both ends, to make them defence against cavalry. To his surprise no enemy appeared, and Henry was presently able to spread his force along a wider front, with the advantage alike of obtaining better supply of victuals and surer information of the opposing host.

Even so the march of the English from October 20 to October 24 was extraordinarily trying. The distances traversed were very great, hardly less on an average than thirty miles a day, and the army was greatly distressed for want of bread; for, though other provisions were abundant, grain was absolutely undiscoverable. No power but one could have carried the English through the ordeal—the power of discipline—for Henry was above all things a disciplinarian. The order of the advance, as its speed can avouch, was quite admirable. If any man, no matter of what rank, strayed from the line of march, he was placed under arrest and his horse was taken from him. The robbery of a church or of a farmyard, ill-treatment of friendly peasants, the raising of the cry of ‘Havoc’ or ‘No quarter,’ all alike were punished with death. One man, whom Shakespeare has immortalised as Bardolph, was detected in the theft of a pyx; he was paraded through the army as a criminal and hanged. The French themselves admit that no loose women were allowed in the English camp, and that the English showed more humanity to the peasants than their own countrymen. The King was careful too to avoid anything that could be construed as a sign of retreat. One night he missed the camping-ground that had been assigned to him by the quartermaster and passed beyond it. ‘God forbid that in full armour I should turn back,’ he said, when his attention was called to it; and pushing the vanguard further forward he halted for the night where he stood.

On October 24, while lying at Frévent, on the river Canopes, he was informed by his scouts that, despite all his efforts, the French were moving forward from St. Pol and must inevitably cut him off from Calais. He pushed on at once some fifteen miles and more to the river Ternoise at Blangy, preparing for an inevitable encounter with the enemy as soon as he should cross it. Finding the passage unbarred he at once led his whole force over the river, pushed on for another league to the village of Maisoncelle, and drew up his army before it to await the expected attack.

The whole French army was concentrated little more than two miles from him at Ruisseauville, barring the march to Calais; and Henry might well shrink from the issue of a fight against such tremendous odds. As dusk began to fall without an attack, he withdrew for the night to Maisoncelle, and, conscious of his desperate situation, opened negotiations with the French; offering to



restore Harfleur and make good all injuries, so only he might be suffered to evacuate France in peace. His overtures were rejected, and he was warned to fight on the morrow. On that same evening the French moved down into a narrow plateau between the villages of Tramecourt and Agincourt; and there, cramped into a space far too narrow for fifty thousand men, they halted for the night within less than a mile of the English position.

The night was spent in very different fashion in the two camps. The French, doubtless much inconvenienced by the straitness of their quarters, were shouting everywhere for comrades and servants as noisily as a mob of sheep, while some of them, forgetting the lesson of Poitiers, gambled for the ransom of the prisoners that they were to take on the morrow. Huge fires were kept burning round their banners, for the rain was pouring down incessantly, and by the blaze the English could see everything that passed among them. They, too, began shouting in emulation of the French, until sternly checked by the King; and then the English camp fell silent, and the men, forbidden to forget their situation in the din of their own voices, sat down to face it in all its stern reality. They could be pardoned if they felt some misgiving. In a continuous march of seventeen days they had covered over three hundred miles; for four days they had not tasted bread, and now, after a few short hours of waiting in the ceaseless, pattering rain, they were to meet a host that outnumbered them by five to one. Arms and bowstrings were overhauled and repaired, and the priests had little rest from the numbers that came to them for shrift. But in the discipline of that silence lay the promise of success.

At dawn on the famous 25th of October Henry mounted his grey pony, fully armed but bareheaded. Shortly after, he led the army out of Maisoncelle to a newly-sown field, which was the position of his choice, and drew it up in order of battle. True to the old English traditions of Hastings and Tenchebrai, of Halidon Hill and Crecy and Poitiers, every knight and man-at-arms dismounted, and horses and baggage were parked in the rear under protection of a small guard. But the numbers of the force were so weak that it could not be formed in the favourite three lines of the Black Prince. So the vanguard, under the Duke of York, became the right, the battle under the King became the centre, and the rearguard, under Lord Camoys, the left, of a single line. Even so the men were ranked but four deep, a first

example of English line against French column. Henry made the men a short speech, recalling to them the deeds of their forefathers, and then the whole host kneeled down, kissed the ground thrice, and rose once more erect into its ranks.

Meanwhile, not a sign of attack came from the French. Their order of battle had been determined many days before, but it was ill-adapted to so narrow a position. It was evident that only the vanguard could possibly come into action, and such was the indiscipline, that every man of rank wished to command it. After long disputes the whole of the magnates were placed in the vanguard, and its strength was made up to seven thousand men, every one of whom (for the lessons of English tactics had not been thrown away) was dismounted. On each flank was a wing of twelve hundred more dismounted men, and on their flanks again two small bodies of cavalry—three hundred on the right and two hundred on the left—which were designed to gallop down upon the dreaded archers of the English. Such was the first French line. The second also was made up of about eight thousand dismounted men-at-arms; and the remainder of the army, which was ordered to dismount but would not, composed the third line. The total numbers of the French seem to have been about fifty thousand men; and the whole stood on ploughed land, soaked by the rain of the previous night, and poached deep by the trampling of innumerable feet.

The French took advantage of the delay caused by the disputes of the nobles to give their men breakfast, an example which Henry immediately followed, for the Englishman always fights best when he is full. Then seeing that the enemy still remained motionless, he formed the bold resolution of delivering an immediate attack. A grey old warrior, Sir Walter Erpingham, galloped forward with two aides-de-camp to make the necessary changes of formation, and the archers were deployed along the front and flanks. When all was ready, old Sir Walter tossed his bâton into the air and sang out, 'Now strike!' Then galloping back to the King's division, he dismounted and took his place in the ranks. The King, already dismounted, gave the Black Prince's word: 'Forward, banner, in the name of God and St. George!' and the English answered with a mighty cry, the forerunner of that 'stern and appalling shout' which four centuries later was to strike hesitation even into as fine a soldier as Soult.

Then the whole line advanced in close array, with frequent halts, for the ground was deep, and the archers, in leather jackets and hose, ragged, hatless and shoeless after two months of hard work, could easily wear down the men-at-arms in their heavy mail. Artillery in such a sea of mud could not be brought into position on either side, so that the German gunners took no part in the fight. The French, on their side, stood firm and closed up their ranks. They were so heavily weighted with their armour, always heavier than that of the English, that they could hardly move, while their front was so crowded that they could not use their archers. So they broke off their long lances, as at Poitiers, to a length of five feet, and stood motionless in dense array, thirty-one ranks against the English four.

Arrived within bow-shot the archers stuck their stakes slantwise into the ground before them, and drew bow. The French vanguard then shook itself up and advanced slowly, while the cavalry in the flanks trotted forward against the archers. The division of three hundred lances on the French right made but a poor attack. Little more than half of them really came on; and these their horses, maddened as at Crecy by the pain of the arrows, soon carried in headlong confusion to the rear. The division on the left charged home, and the leader with a few more actually reached the line of stakes. But the stakes had no hold in the mud, the horses tripped over them and fell, and their riders never rose again. The remainder had, as usual, been borne back by their wounded horses upon their comrades in rear, and with them upon the wings of dismounted men-at-arms, in which they tore fearful gaps; for the charge of mad animals is the most terrible of all charges.

The centre or main body of the first French line fared little better. Dazzled by the eastern sun that shone full in their eyes, and bending their heads against the sleet of arrows, they lost all idea of the direction of their advance, and became so clubbed together that they could not use their weapons. Nevertheless by sheer weight they forced back the English men-at-arms a lance's length, and for a time, despite all mishaps, they fought hard. King Henry was twice struck heavily over the helmet, one blow lopping a branch from the crown that encircled it. But meanwhile the archers had marked the gaps torn by the flying horses in the wings of the French fighting-line. They dropped their bows, and with whatever weapon—axe, hammer or sword—

hung at their girdle they fell light and active on the helpless men-at-arms and did fearful execution. The main body of the French, exposed by the rout of the wings to attack on both flanks, gave way before the King's division, and the whole of their first line was utterly defeated. There was no question of flight among the French men-at-arms, for the unhappy men could not move. So the English simply took the helmets off their prisoners, and, leaving them thus exposed, reformed their ranks for attack against the second line, which stood two lances' lengths in rear of the first.

This, however, was already much shaken by the defeat of the vanguard. Its leader, the Duke of Alençon, had left it to join the vanguard in the fight; and though he had slain the Duke of York, had paid for the deed with his own death. The Duke of Brabant, who had arrived late in the field, strove hard to rouse the spirit of the French, but he had hardly entered into the *mêlée* before he was cut down. Then the dense mass wavered, and the King's division, pressing on without the help of archers or artillery, broke up the second line into hopeless confusion. The third French line still remained, but being, contrary to orders, still in the saddle, struck spurs into their horses and turned and fled, leaving some few of their leaders alone to redeem French honour by a hopeless resistance and a noble death.

The fight was hardly over when word was brought to Henry that his baggage, with the whole of his treasure as well as all of the horses, was in the hands of plunderers. The guard, in fact, had been unable to resist the temptation of joining in the fight. The momentary confusion thus caused gave some of the French time to rally; and Henry, not knowing how far the danger might spread, ordered every man to kill his prisoners. The English hesitated, less probably from humanity than from reluctance to lose good ransom; whereupon Henry told off 200 archers for the duty, which was promptly carried out. He can hardly be blamed, for the fight had been won less by the slaughter than by the capture of French men-at-arms, and the risk of undertaking a new attack in front, with some hundreds of unwounded prisoners in rear, was serious. Be that as it may, the deed was done. Then advancing once more against the rallied French, Henry quickly broke them up, and at four o'clock, the victory being at last complete, he left the field. The French loss in nobles alone was from 5,000 to 8,000 men killed, exclusive of common men, while

1,000 prisoners and 120 banners were taken. The losses of the English are uncertain, but probably did not amount to more than a few hundreds, the most distinguished of the fallen being the Duke of York.

So ended the great fight which King Harry himself decreed to be called by the name of Agincourt.<sup>1</sup> It sums up in itself all the finest actions of the Edwards, and all the leading features of mediæval English tactics; yet it was but the after-glow of the glory of the Plantagenets, not the light of a new sun risen like a giant to run his course. Better far had it been for England if Henry had turned his ambition to Scotland or to Ireland and won a Flodden or a Boyne. Yet Agincourt was no small service. Not for three whole centuries was an English general to rise up of equal fame with King Henry V., but through all that time the tradition remained unbroken that the English must always beat the French; and though the immediate fruit of Marlborough's labours was shamefully given away, yet his victories too served the same purpose, for we have the Empire of the world and the French have it not, and we hold it because we are a great fighting nation. King Harry and his flying column are the true precursors of Craufurd and the Light Division. Discipline was the soul of both. Henry was no brutal martinet: when once he had cast his wild days behind him he never even swore. 'Impossible,' and 'It must be done,' were his nay and his yea; but 'he was so feared by his princes and captains that none dared to disobey his orders; and the cause was that if any one transgressed his orders, he punished him at once without favour or mercy.'<sup>2</sup> There were great soldiers before Napoleon, and Englishmen would do well sometimes to forget the little cocked hat and think of the rusted royal helmet that hangs in the Abbey, still dented by the two sword-cuts that were aimed against King Harry at Agincourt.

J. W. FORTESCUE.

More correctly Azincourt.

<sup>2</sup> Monstrelet.

## THE SEPOY REVOLT AT DELHI.

MAY, 1857.

*A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.*

### PART II.

It is impossible to describe our feverish state of suspense and expectation as we sat in that lonely spot awaiting the return of Salkeld's servant. In vain we kept straining our eyes from time to time through the moonlight (for I recollect the moon was nearly at the full), momentarily expecting to catch a glimpse of his returning figure; but minute after minute flew by, and still we could see no signs of him we so eagerly awaited. Suspense increased to anxiety, and anxiety gave place to suspicion and alarm. What could have delayed him? As yet he had given us no cause to doubt his fidelity, for he had remained in the Main Guard in charge of his master's loaded gun throughout the tragic events of the day, and, as I have already mentioned, had willingly accompanied us in our headlong flight therefrom, when at any moment he might easily have deserted. A full hour, however, having elapsed since his departure, it seemed only too evident that he had seized the present opportunity to ensure his own safety by taking to flight; so we made up our minds to make for the ford without further delay, and run the risk of discovery.

The ford in question was not more than a few hundred yards distant, and as we stealthily approached its vicinity, the light thrown from the burning bungalows threatened every moment to betray us. The yelling and shouting, too, which had hitherto resembled a hoarse murmur, was now plainly distinguishable above the ceaseless rattle of musketry, and kept ringing in our ears like a death-knell. This incessant discharge of firearms almost tempted us to believe at one time that the European troops had arrived from Meerut; but we soon realised our mistake. With beating hearts we crept along the canal bank, and gradually approached the flaming cantonments; but although the forms of numberless marauders were distinctly visible in the act of plundering the adjacent bungalows, and vociferating at the top of their

voices, we passed on unobserved, and, to our inexpressible relief, found the ford we were in search of without a soul in its immediate vicinity. We at once prepared to cross over, hoping to place some three or four miles between ourselves and cantonments ere morning broke. It was found to be not quite such an easy matter, however, to get the ladies across, as the water was considerably deeper than we had anticipated, and on my first going in, to lead the way, I found it nearly up to my neck. Nevertheless, nothing daunted, we set to work, and in due course safely reached the opposite bank. Our watches now showed it was nearly 3 o'clock A.M.; in less than a couple of hours, therefore, morning would break, and, notwithstanding we had traversed at least three miles since quitting Metcalfe's house, we were still within a very short distance of cantonments. We felt considerably revived, however, by the soaking we got in wading through the canal, and the night air blowing on our dripping clothes made us feel quite chilly, so that we walked on at a brisker pace in order to keep ourselves warm.

Our chief aim now, of course, was to get away as far as possible from cantonments, but by the waning light of the moon it was impossible to make out the exact direction we were taking. A vast plain stretched before us, for the most part uncultivated at the present season, and with no particular landmark to guide us. The country passed over was exceedingly rough, being composed chiefly of stubble fields and thistles, and the ladies' feet, with their thin shoes, naturally got terribly torn and blistered as we wearily trudged on. In addition, some of them by this time had become faint and exhausted, and poor Forrest himself began to lag behind. The imminent peril, however, to which we were exposed served to keep the poor creatures up, and they toiled on as best they could, in spite of their aching limbs, until another small stream pulled us up. This, fortunately, was not of any great depth, so, rapidly overcoming this obstacle, we continued to walk on for about another mile. It had now become imperative to call a halt, as many of the party were absolutely incapable of proceeding further; so spying a small patch of scrub jungle not far off, we bent our steps thither, purposing to remain there till day should dawn. The cantonments apparently lay about three miles in our rear, and were still enveloped in smoke and flame, though the noise and din were no longer heard. The work of incendiarism, however, still continued, for every now and again we saw a fresh



streak of flame shoot up into the air, as some new bungalow was set on fire, and shared the fate of all the rest.

I will not weary the reader by attempting to describe the harrowing thoughts which possessed our minds as we gazed on such a spectacle, nor enlarge on our feelings as we thought of the possible fate in store for us when morning broke. True we had not so far been followed up by the mutinous sepoys; but this we attributed to the fact that the plunder of the city and the congenial task of demolishing their late officers' quarters had engaged their attention, to the exclusion of all other thoughts. That we should succeed in evading eventual capture seemed to us beyond the bounds of possibility, for we felt convinced that sooner or later a pursuit would surely be organised, and in that case capture and death must inevitably ensue. The utter helplessness of our position will be fully apparent when I mention that the only arms in our possession were three flimsy regimental swords of the old infantry pattern and one double-barrelled gun; and what possible resistance could we hope to make, under such circumstances, against an attack by fully armed sepoys? It seemed thus merely a question of a few hours more or less ere we should fall into the hands of our bloodthirsty foes. Small wonder, then, that thoughts of the gloomiest description reigned uppermost in our minds, and that we gave ourselves up for lost.

Having made our way to the scrub jungle, we all lay down amongst the brushwood, and, worn out with fatigue, I was just on the point of dropping off to sleep, when suddenly some one shook me by the arm, exclaiming the sepoys were upon us. To start to my feet and seize the gun which lay by my side was the work of a second; the next moment served to reveal the peril we were in.

Not a hundred yards distant, and coming in a direct line towards us, we perceived a body of some eight or ten sepoys, two of whom were mounted on ponies. The imperfect light of dawning day was just sufficient to show us they were armed, though only about half were dressed in uniform. They were making apparently for Delhi by a country track, and were bearing down straight for the spot where we lay concealed. This fact showed them to be stragglers from Meerut. We had barely time to creep under the bushes and hide ourselves as well as we could when they were upon us. We watched them in breathless anxiety, not daring to move, and scarcely to breathe. Not for untold wealth would I pass such another moment of agonising

suspense. Now they slowly pass in Indian file within a few feet of us. Surely we must be observed? But no; they are moving on. Can it be that they have not perceived us? Ah! they see us now, for one of them stoops and picks up something from the ground, and whispers to his comrades, and then all come to a sudden halt. Alas! our water-bottle had betrayed us! In our hurry and confusion we had left it lying in the open, and one of them, in stooping to examine it, had undoubtedly caught sight of some of our party as we lay amongst the brushwood. Although upwards of forty years have passed since the incident I am now relating, every movement of those ten sepoys is as clearly impressed upon my memory as if it had occurred but yesterday. They were standing within a few paces only of where I lay concealed, and I watched with an intensity of suspense too acute for words. There was complete silence, broken only by the low mutterings of the sepoys, and we distinctly heard them remark that people were hiding amongst the bushes. I involuntarily cocked my gun, and, filled with apprehension as to what they would do next, I inwardly resolved, in the event of any threatening movement being made towards us, to shoot the foremost man dead. After a brief interval, which in the extreme tension of that supreme moment seemed interminable, and during which I clearly recognised by the gold regulation necklace he was wearing that the party was led by a native officer, we saw them, to our unbounded astonishment, silently moving off, and after proceeding about a hundred yards further come to another halt. They now leisurely seated themselves on the ground, the two mounted men dismounting from their ponies and joining the group. Waiting to look no longer, we hastily rose from our crouching position and fled precipitately in the opposite direction. To our unspeakable relief no attempt was made to follow us, and we could once more breathe freely. Thus again we had providentially escaped from a grave danger, though why no attempt was made to molest us has ever remained a mystery to me. Possibly our immunity was due to the uncertain light, which effectually prevented them from seeing our defenceless condition; or it may be that, less savage and bloodthirsty than the rest, they felt little inclination to imbrue their hands in unnecessary bloodshed.

The situation, however, was still beset with extreme peril, as further bands of mutineers, hastening to rejoin their comrades in Delhi, might cross our path at any moment; besides which, there

was nothing to prevent the party from whom we had just escaped from giving information of our whereabouts as soon as they arrived at their destination. Such thoughts naturally filled our minds with extreme despondency, and we almost wished we had perished with the rest in the Main Guard rather than endure such torturing suspense.

By this time it was broad daylight, and we now found ourselves approaching the banks of a large stream (one of those tributaries of the Jumna which here intersect the country in several places), and we at once determined to cross. After considerable search we fortunately discovered a spot where, by dint of wading up to our waists, the whole party passed over in safety. There was some thin jungle lining the banks of the stream, and here, cold, wet, and weary, without a dry stitch of clothing on our backs, we lay down to rest. I shall never forget the blank look of despair depicted on every face when, as the morning advanced, the utter helplessness of our position forced itself upon us. There sat the poor Misses Forrest, their dishevelled hair hanging down their backs, without a particle of covering for their heads. There lay their unfortunate mother, her head resting in the lap of one of her daughters, and, though suffering excruciating pain from the gunshot wound in her shoulder, yet never uttering a word of murmur or complaint. Mrs. Fraser sat close by, bewailing the untimely end of her little babe, who, she imagined, together with her sister, had perished in the Main Guard, both having been lost sight of in the panic and confusion which ensued when the firing commenced. Subsequently, however, it transpired that a Christian drummer belonging to the 54th had hidden them under a dark archway, and after the sepoys had left the enclosure conducted them unharmed to cantonments, whence, together with some of the other residents, they had escaped in a carriage to Kurnaul. The little girl, however, died from exposure and want of proper nourishment. The rest of our party lay all about, under the best shelter we could find, keeping a sharp look-out on all sides to see that we were not surprised—all except poor Forrest, who was lying some distance apart, in a more or less prostrate condition, having been much hurt from the recoil of a howitzer during the defence of the magazine, besides being struck in the hand by a musket-ball.

The few scraps of bread and meat we had brought with us were now produced, and we each took a mouthful—without exception the saddest meal I have ever made. While thus engaged,

and discussing our future plans, we were startled by a villager coming right upon us without our having noticed his approach. After observing us for a few seconds, he passed quietly on his way without remark. But the incident made us feel very uneasy, and we determined to shift our place of concealment without delay. Just as we were about to recommence our journey we suddenly discovered that Forrest had disappeared. In vain we searched for a good half-hour, shouting out his name at the top of our voices. There was no response, and we were in the act of moving off without him, when I fortunately chanced upon the very bush where he had concealed himself. It seems he had been watching us all the while, and at first refused all our entreaties to get up and join us, saying he felt so thoroughly worn out from all he had gone through that he would far rather be left to die where he was. With the greatest difficulty we persuaded him to rise; but it was evident, after proceeding a short distance, that the ladies were equally exhausted, and their remaining strength would soon be spent. The sun, moreover, was now high in the heavens, and the day was dreadfully hot. None of the party had adequate protection for their heads, and the unfortunate ladies had to put the skirts of their dresses over theirs to avoid sun-stroke. Unluckily, we were now crossing a comparatively bare plain, with only a few patches of dhak jungle scattered here and there, and far away from water. Making our way to one of these patches, we halted once more. It afforded but slight shelter from the burning sun, and we were, moreover, consumed by a parching thirst. We suffered so much from the latter that Salkeld and Wilson volunteered to go and look for water. They had been absent nearly an hour, and we were becoming anxious on their account, when all of a sudden we heard a tremendous yell, and, looking up, perceived them both running back in our direction, chased by a number of half-naked villagers armed with spears and 'lathies' (long staves bound with iron). Concealment being no longer possible, we all jumped up, and in a few moments found ourselves completely hemmed in by some thirty or forty natives, who crowded round with such threatening looks that we feared the worst. Presently several others came up, less scantily clothed, who seemed more civil, and offered to conduct us to their village, where they informed us there were some more 'sahib-logue,' whom they had found wandering about in the morning. Believing this to be merely a ruse to get us into their power, we declined at first to accompany them, when one of them said he would go

and fetch some token to assure us of the truth of their statement; and whilst he departed on this errand the rest showed us the way to a clump of trees, some distance off, where better shelter was procurable from the fierce heat of the midday sun. As we were almost dying from thirst, we asked them to fetch us water; and shortly after they returned, bringing a pitcher of milk and some coarse *chuppatties*, which we gratefully accepted.

And now, who shall describe our delight as we recognised in the distance the form of poor Colonel Knyvett, of the 38th Native Infantry, accompanied by Lieutenant Gambier, of the same corps, and Mr. Marshall, the European merchant at Delhi, the latter carrying a musket on his shoulder with a fixed bayonet! Great were the congratulations poured out on both sides at this unexpected meeting; and their surprise at seeing *us* can be easily imagined, for they fully believed that every soul in the Main Guard had been massacred. From them we learnt that as soon as intelligence reached cantonments of the catastrophe at the Cashmere Gate, the majority of the residents who had conveyances at their disposal beat a hasty retreat by the trunk road in the direction of Kurnaul, which station, it was hoped, they would reach in safety. Others less fortunate took to flight on foot, amongst them being Colonel Knyvett and Gambier, who remained at the Regimental Quarter Guard expostulating with their men till long after dark. But all remonstrances were fruitless. They were told at last to be off, and some of the ruffians actually fired several shots at them as they ran across the parade-ground. For the remainder of the night they had wandered about the country in the same plight as ourselves, the poor old Colonel being almost dead with exposure and fatigue.

Our party now amounted to thirteen in all, but, rack our brains as we might, no feasible means of escape presented itself to our minds. At every moment we were informed that the 'Telinga log,' *i.e.* sepoys, were scouring the country in search of fugitive Europeans; but the day wore on, and the afternoon came, and these reports turned out to be false. At length we endeavoured, by the aid of a heavy bribe, to secure the assistance of the villagers, and eventually signed a paper agreeing to pay the sum of Rs. 10,000 if they would take us in safety to some European station. As an earnest of what we said we gave them nearly all the money we happened to possess, *viz.* thirty odd rupees, in addition to two or three valuable rings; on which they promised to bring some ponies to enable the ladies to ride as far

as Meerut, walking being out of the question in their footsore condition. The evening, however, drew on apace, and we instinctively felt they were only deceiving us; and when some of them returned, and said the ponies were not procurable that day, but that if we would wait till the next they might be able to get them, our suspicions were fairly aroused. We felt convinced their only object was to detain us till the mutineers in Delhi should be apprised of our whereabouts; so we determined to be off at once rather than run the risk of falling into their hands.

The sun was sinking beyond the far western horizon, through a murky haze of reddish dust, as we again resumed our wanderings on that sultry summer evening wheresoever fate might lead us. We gave one last look towards Delhi ere setting forth. An enormous black cloud hovered over the site of the cantonments, which, from the appearance of the smoke that ascended from the smouldering bungalows, to blend at last with the inky mass above, appeared between four and five miles distant. The villagers pointed towards it significantly, and intimated that all India was destined to share the same fate. With sorrowful hearts we turned away, not knowing whither to go. As the short Indian twilight began to close in we found ourselves on the banks of the Jumna, but the broad, swift current as it rolled hoarsely by filled us with despair. How could we ever hope to cross? We turned to some of the natives, who had accompanied us, and inquired if they could point out a ford. There was none, they assured us, within miles; but after a while one of them suggested our proceeding to a place not far off where it might be possible to get across. A few hundred yards brought us to the spot, but the water seemed far above our depth, and on one of us attempting to cross he found it was as much as he could do to prevent himself being carried away by the current. As we looked on despairingly, a cry was raised that the sepoys were upon us! It was better to be drowned than be shot down by them, so we madly plunged in. God only knows what would have become of us—for we must inevitably have been submerged—when, the report turning out to be untrue, we retraced our steps to the bank. The natives now offered to carry us across one by one, if we would venture to trust to their guidance. It seemed of such vital importance to get across the river that we determined to hazard the experiment at all risks. It was a bold resolve, and I well remember the courage of the ladies well-nigh failed them at the last moment. Finally, grasping a native on each side firmly round the neck, they were all in turn taken securely across,

and the whole party landed safely on the opposite bank. We now endeavoured to persuade these men to accompany us to Meerut; but this they positively declined to do, and immediately commenced clamouring for reward. We flung them a few rupees and walked slowly onwards. Darkness by this time had set in, and it was with great difficulty that we picked our way through the fields. Although the night was warm we suffered much from cold, owing to our dripping clothes, and our teeth chattered in our heads like so many castanets. Soon after quitting the banks of the river we were, to our surprise, rejoined by the same three or four men who had assisted us to cross, and they now offered of their own accord to show us the way to Meerut. This seemed strange after their former point-blank refusal, but we said nothing, and silently followed in their wake. The sequel proved what treacherous rascals they were. On pretence of avoiding villages which they said were infested with robbers, they took us a long circuit across country, till at length, just as the moon was rising, we arrived on the brink of a wide stream, which they informed us was the river Hindun, and invited us to cross. Now we were well aware that the river in question was miles away, and it instinctively occurred to our minds that this was the identical river we had that evening already crossed. The probable truth then flashed on us: a pursuing party from Delhi had doubtless arrived at their village after our departure, and their object now in enticing us to recross was to deliver us into their power. Feeling sure that our surmise was correct, we refused to listen to their entreaties, and seeing we were not to be taken in, they hastily fled, and we saw no more of them. Meanwhile, during this altercation some of the party had lain down to rest on the sandy bank by the edge of the stream, and I also, feeling thoroughly knocked up, soon fell into a profound slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I recollect waking up with a piercing sensation of cold. The damp appeared to have eaten into one's bones, and my limbs ached to such an extent that I could scarcely stand. I was in the throes of a sharp attack of ague, from which I had already repeatedly suffered during my sojourn at Delhi. All was still and quiet as I looked around. The moon shone placidly down from above, and, lighting up the water with a silver streak, shadowed forth our prostrate forms clear and distinct on the white sand. The eldest Miss Forrest was lying next to me; she also had just woke up feeling intensely cold and miserable. The others gradually awoke one by one, and we again moved on



Throughout the remainder of that terrible night we toiled on without intermission, merely stopping for a few minutes now and again to rest our wearied feet, which, owing to our boots and shoes having been in most instances completely destroyed from repeated soakings, were sadly bruised and blistered. Poor Salkeld, I recollect, was going barefoot, having given his own shoes to Miss Annie Forrest, who had lost hers in the act of fording one of the many streams we had crossed.

During the course of the night we had been much alarmed by the noise of firing, which proceeded at frequent intervals from the villages round about, and for which at the time we were at a loss to account; but we subsequently ascertained that it was occasioned by the villagers defending themselves against gangs of marauding Goojurs, who, though ordinarily given to peaceable avocations, had nevertheless taken advantage of the recent disturbance to rob and pillage their neighbours; but I shall have more to say of these rascals as we proceed with this narrative. Day was now beginning to dawn, and it was evident we could not escape discovery long, as the country was quite open and villagers were seen moving about in all directions. At last we came across some harmless-looking individuals tending cattle, so we ventured to offer them our last remaining rupee, and asked them to go to the nearest village and buy us some food. They stared for a few seconds, and then, scampering off, presently returned with a large crowd collected at their heels, amongst them being the head man of the village. This latter seemed inclined to be civil, and at his bidding a man was despatched in search of milk and *chuppatties*. There was a splendid tope of mango trees hard by, so thither we bent our steps. By the time we had reached this shelter an enormous crowd had assembled, and it was with considerable difficulty that we forced a passage through the throng. In about an hour's time some *dal* and *chuppatties* were set before us, which we devoured with a keen appetite. At least a hundred persons of all sexes and ages were now watching us, and some of these, from the occasional remarks they let fall, seemed actually to commiserate our lot; and, to tell the truth, I can hardly wonder at our exciting their pity, for what with the torn and filthy state of our garments, and the truly miserable appearance of the ladies, we must have been objects of compassion to the most hardened wretch. I may add that it is my firm conviction that whatever little civility we experienced in the course of our wanderings was altogether due to the presence of the ladies, and that had it not

been for the sight of these poor creatures we should all have been undoubtedly murdered.<sup>1</sup>

The seemingly friendly attitude of these villagers put us slightly more at our ease, and we buoyed up ourselves with the hope that the promise of a substantial money payment might induce them to assist us on our way. Alas ! our hopes were shortlived, for presently a fakeer (a wandering mendicant held in great veneration by Hindoos), dressed in long yellow robes and with his face besmeared with paint and ashes, entered the tope, and sitting down in one corner, beckoned to the natives standing about, who thereupon, leaving us, went and gathered in a circle round him. They appeared to listen with such eagerness to what he was saying, occasionally casting a furtive glance in our direction, that we instinctively felt all our old fears return with redoubled force. Some one suggested he was a sepoy in disguise from Delhi, whose object was to incite them to murder us, and as this terrible idea seemed by no means improbable, our newly cherished hopes of escape once more deserted us.

No words can express the sickening sensation of despair which crept over us as this dreadful surmise took possession of our minds, and we watched their proceedings with the utmost anxiety. At length the crowd round the fakeer gradually dispersed, and came and surrounded us once more. A short interval of silence prevailed, when some of them intimated that it was no longer safe for us to remain, as they had just received intelligence that the 'Telinga-log' were close behind, and we must take our departure forthwith. Take our departure ! An arid plain lay in front, with not a tree in sight ; even if we eluded our remorseless pursuers, death from sunstroke was inevitable. Turn whichever way we might our doom was sealed. Deaf to all entreaties, they insisted on our leaving, and in order to expedite our departure commenced to hustle us in the rudest manner.

So they turned us out, and we wandered forth, little caring where we went or what became of us. It was midday, and as we issued forth from the friendly shelter of the trees into the burning plain beyond we were nearly blinded by the scorching wind, which blew volumes of dust in our faces and almost suffocated us at every

<sup>1</sup> These remarks are fully borne out by the fact that Lieutenant Willoughby and four other officers were barbarously murdered by villagers whilst escaping from Delhi to Meerut by a route almost identical with the one we were following.—E. V.

step. On, on we walked, the sun blazing down on our uncovered heads, without a hope, without an object. In a short while we found ourselves getting gradually surrounded by fierce-looking men armed with spears and bludgeons. These were no other than the dreaded Goojurs themselves. Their numbers increased rapidly, and in whichever direction we looked we observed others, similarly armed, running towards us. At length, when they had completely hemmed us in, they gave a fearful shout and rushed upon us with demoniacal gestures. We stood back to back and made a vain attempt to beat them off, but being ten to one we were soon overpowered. One rascal laid hold of my sword, and tried to wrench it out of my hand. In vain I resisted; a blow from behind stretched me on my back, and ere I could recover myself I was mobbed by some half a dozen others. In the midst of all this *mêlée* I saw Colonel Knyvett levelling the gun he was carrying point-blank at the head of one of the wretches as he stood whooping and yelling by way of inciting on the rest. Fortunately some one shouted out to him not to fire, so, deliberately removing the caps, he gave it up. It was as well we permitted ourselves to be disarmed, for had we continued the struggle our lives would undoubtedly have been sacrificed. Having once got us down, they set to work stripping us of everything. Studs, rings, watches, &c., all were torn off. They did not even spare my inner vest, and one of the ruffians actually snatched away the piece of cotton cloth which was wrapped round my head. I trembled with foreboding as I saw the unfortunate ladies in the grasp of these savages. One of them had her clothes literally torn off her back, whilst the others were treated with similar barbarity. At last, when they had appropriated everything, leaving only our shirts and trousers, and the ladies their upper garments, the entire band retreated a short distance and commenced quarrelling over the spoil. At this juncture the same fakeer who we thought had been the cause of our expulsion from the tope of trees came up and inquired if he could be of any assistance. It was hard to believe he was not playing us false, but having no option, we requested him to take us where water could be procured, for we were perishing from thirst. He pointed to some trees in the far distance, where he intimated there was a well, so we slowly followed. On the way we happened to pass a stagnant puddle, and here—perhaps the reader will scarcely credit it—we one and all stooped down on our hands and knees, and greedily drank its filthy contents. After much toil we arrived at the well, where, after

drawing us some fresh water, our conductor suggested we should lie down and rest. Later on he offered to take us to a town in the vicinity where there was a *Tehseel* and some Government *chupprassies* (police), who probably might be inclined to afford us some aid. On the way we were again pounced upon by Goojurs, who, finding nothing to rob us of, contented themselves with pulling off the gilt buttons on the Colonel's blue frock-coat, which the other rascals had overlooked, and then, with final gestures of menace and defiance, permitted us to pass on.

By the time the police-station was reached we were nearly dead-beat ; but here we were received with supreme indifference. In fact the demeanour of the *chupprassies* was the reverse of reassuring ; they merely looked on in sullen silence, and on our venturing to remind them that as paid servants of the Government they were bound to afford us all the protection in their power, they told us, with a sneer, that the British *raj* was no longer in existence. They further informed us that the station of Meerut was in flames and nearly all the Europeans killed.

After some trouble we persuaded them to bring out some *charpoy*s, on which the poor ladies were only too thankful to lie down and rest themselves. An immense mob of natives from the town shortly surrounded us, and kept reiterating the dismal intelligence we had already so frequently heard, that sepoys and sowars were out in every direction bent on our capture. Growing bolder and more insolent, they insisted at last on searching each individual of the party, including the ladies, as nothing would dissuade them from the belief that we had money and valuables concealed about our persons. It would take up too much space to describe all the indignities we were forced to submit to at the hands of these scoundrels, or to relate in what conflicting hopes and fears the remainder of that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon passed away and evening arrived. The fakeer meanwhile had gone on his way, and we knew not what course to pursue. Fortunately for us a few natives of somewhat more respectable appearance than the rest offered to take us to their village hard by, where we might procure something to eat and drink and take shelter for the night. We mechanically got up and followed, though our minds were filled all the time with vague apprehensions and doubts as to the sincerity of their intentions, and we could not refrain from fancying that some fresh act of treachery was meditated. As we arrived in sight of the village, which was an unusually large one, named

Khekra, the entire population turned out to come and gaze at our party. They led us up several narrow alleys and dirty streets, till at length we reached the centre of the place. Meanwhile we were suffering from extreme depression of spirits, and felt a presentiment in our minds that we were only being taken to our slaughter; and this awful idea was still further strengthened by some one saying he had seen sowars entering the village. As darkness set in we were given some *goor* (unrefined sugar) and *chuppatties* to eat, and then conducted to a small hut on the outskirts of the town, where they informed us we were to remain for the night; but our fears as to their treacherous intentions had such an ascendancy over our minds that we found it totally impossible to conquer our feelings of dread and alarm. The atmosphere of the hut was so close and stifling that we were fain to come outside and lie in the open. Here there were a crowd of people still collected, conversing together in whispers, and we had no difficulty in distinguishing that we were the subject of their discourse; but exhausted nature could bear up no longer, and I soon fell fast asleep, notwithstanding the predictions of Forrest and the Colonel that we should all be murdered ere morning broke. It must have been, I should say, as near as possible about midnight when I suddenly found myself rudely shaken. I was so sound asleep at the time that it was some seconds before I could realise where I was, or who it was that had roused me so abruptly. The light of the moon at this moment shining full on his countenance enabled me to recognise as he stood bending over me the scared features of —, his hair standing erect, his eyes starting out of their sockets, and wearing such an expression of anguish on his face that I was indeed startled. 'Get up, for God's sake!' he said, 'they are going to cut all our throats!' and then, pointing to a native who had apparently brought him a blanket to lie upon, he whispered hoarsely, 'Do you see that man? He wants me to sit upon that cloth while my head is struck off from behind!' The poor man's mind was evidently unhinged, and his heated imagination had conjured up this hideous fancy. The entire party were fully roused by this time, wondering what the commotion was all about, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we succeeded at last in quieting him, but not before he had well-nigh terrified the poor ladies out of their wits by going about and asking every native he met, '*Khoon kub chullega?*' literally, 'When will the blood be spilt?' I don't think any of us slept another wink for the remainder of that night.

### THE ROMANCE OF RACE.

LET us begin, like a wise preacher, with a personal anecdote. It happened to me once, many years since, to be taking a class in logic in a West Indian college. The author of our text-book had just learnedly explained to us that personal proper names had no real connotation. 'Nevertheless,' he went on, 'they may sometimes enable us to draw certain true inferences. For example, if we meet a man of the name of John Smith, we shall at least be justified in concluding that he is a Teuton.' Now, as it happened, that class contained a John Smith; and as I read those words aloud, he looked up in my face with the expansive smile of no Teutonic forefathers: for *this* John Smith was a pure-blooded negro. So much for the pitfalls of ethnological generalisation!

Nevertheless, similar conclusions on a very large scale are often drawn on grounds as palpably insufficient as those of my logician. Facts of language and facts of race are mixed up with one another in most admired disorder. If people happen to speak an 'Aryan' tongue, we dub them Aryans. We take it for granted one man is a Scot merely because he is called Macpherson or Gillespie; we take it for granted another is an Irishman on no better evidence than because his name is Paddy O'Sullivan. Yet a survey of some such delusive examples will suffice to show that all is not Celtic that speaks with a brogue, nor all Chinese that wears a pigtail.

Some familiar instances of outlying linguistic or ethnical islands, so to speak—little oases of one speech or blood or religion in the desert of another—will serve to lead up to the curious romances of ethnology and philology which I mean to huddle loosely together in this article. Everybody is familiar, of course, with such stories as that of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, who founded the colony on Pitcairn's Island, where a little community, about one quarter British and three quarters Polynesian, preserved the English language and the Christian religion for many years, without the slightest intercourse with the outer world. Equally significant in their way are the belated islands of Celticism in America, such as the Highlanders of Glengarry, in Canada, who migrated in a mass, and who still speak no tongue but Gaelic; or the Glamorganshire Welsh of the Pennsylvanian mining districts, who inhabit whole villages where Cymric is now the universal



language. Again, we may take as typical examples of such insulation in the matter of religion the Abyssinian Christians, almost entirely cut off for centuries from the rest of Christendom by the intrusive belt of Nubian and Egyptian Islam. Who does not know, once more, that strange outlying church, the Christians of St. Thomas, whom the early Portuguese navigators found still surviving on the Malabar coast in India? Though believing themselves to derive their Christianity from the preaching of St. Thomas, these native sectaries are really a branch of the Nestorian Church of Persia—a distant scion of the Patriarchate of Babylon. Founded in the sixth century, their sect was recruited by successive flights of refugees from the revived Zoroastrianism of that date, and the triumphant Mahomedanism of succeeding generations. Their sacred language is even now Syriac. Or, finally, may we not take the racial islands, like the ancient Basque nationality in France and Spain, the Black Celts of Ireland and Scotland, and the Germans of Transylvania? side by side with whom we may place the scattered and intermixed races, like the Jews and the Gipsies, who still preserve some relics of their ancient tongues, while speaking in each country the language of the inhabitants. It will be clear at once from so rapid a survey of these few familiar instances that a map of the world, coloured by race, by speech, or by religion, would be dotted all over with insulated colonies, as quaint and suggestive in their way as that of the mutineers of the *Bounty*.

Consider, as one striking and well-known example, the curious history of the Parsees, earlier pilgrim fathers of an Oriental Mayflower, who fled eastward and southward before the face of Islam in Persia to the west coast of India. Their very name means Persians; they are the remnant of the ancient Zoroastrian religion, followers of that shadowy and doubtful prophet, whose very existence has been called in question by the scepticism of our century. But whether or not there was ever a Zoroaster, it is certain, at least, that Zoroastrianism flourished in Irania, from Tibet to the Tigris, at the time of Alexander; and that it declined before the fashionable Hellenism of the Seleucidæ, or, later, of the Parthian and Græco-Bactrian kings. Gradually, however, the Hellenic influence in Inner Asia 'petered out,' as an American miner would say, for lack of fresh Greek blood, till at last hardly anything tangible was left of it save Greek names in Greek letters on coins of barbaric kings. Then a native dynasty, that of the Sassanians, upset the last of the half-Hellenised Arsacidæ, and the Zoroastrian faith, which had lingered on among the people, became, at the



beginning of the third century after Christ, the established religion. The Magi had things all their own way, and persecuted Greek thought with the zeal of inquisitors. For 400 years the creed of the Zend-Avesta held sway in Iran, till the Caliph Omar bore down upon the land with his victorious Mahommedans. The mass of the population were 'converted' *en bloc* by the usual argument of Islam, at the battle of Nahavand; and the faithful remnant, who declined to accept the creed of the Prophet at the point of the sword, fled as best they might to the desert of Khorassan. A few thousand persecuted and despised Zoroastrians, known as Guebres, still linger on in the dominions of the Shah; but the greater part of the incorruptible took ship to India, where they settled for the most part in the neighbourhood of Bombay and the other trading towns of the western coast. As they never intermarry with Hindoos or Mahommedans, they still remain pure, both in race and religion, and cannot be regarded as in any sense representative of the people of India. Their sacred language is still the Zend of the Avesta, and their fire-worship is as pronounced as when they fled from Persia.

These historic examples are familiar to most of us. Far more interesting, however, are the prehistoric facts of similar implication, which are known to few save the students of ethnology. It is not everybody, for instance, who is aware that the language of Madagascar is not African at all, but a pure Malayan dialect. The ruling race of the island (till France displaced them) were the very un-negro-like Malayan Hovas. Now, the Malays in their day were the Greeks or the English of the Indian Ocean. Just as the Hellenic race annexed the Mediterranean, turning the inland sea with their colonies into 'a Greek lake' (as Curtius calls it), and just as the 'Anglo-Saxon' race annexed the Atlantic and the Pacific, colonising the United States, Canada, South Africa, and Australasia, so did the Malays annex the Indian Ocean, penetrating every part of it in their light pirate craft, and settling where they would among subject populations. They may be compared with the Phœnicians in the earlier world as pioneers of navigation among the far-eastern islands.

The aboriginal people of Madagascar, again, were apparently not African at all, but members of the still more ancient Melanesian race, which is scattered in little groups over so many parts of the Pacific and the Malay Archipelago. This race apparently spoke already, at an early date, the common Malayo-Polynesian tongue—that widespread speech which, as we now know, forms

the basis of all the dialects in use from Madagascar itself, right across Java, New Zealand, and Melanesia, to the Sandwich Islands and the very shores of America. And, what is odder still, the Malagasy dialect of the present day approaches nearest to that of the Philippines and of Easter Island. In other words, at these immense distances relics of an ancient common language survive, which elsewhere has undergone specialisation and simplification into the modern Malay of Java and its neighbourhood. It is almost as though somewhere, among scattered villages in Portugal and in Roumania, people were still speaking tolerably pure Ciceronian Latin, which elsewhere had glided by imperceptible degrees into French and Spanish, Italian and Provençal.

The lowest and oldest layer of the Malagasy population thus probably consists of black, woolly-haired Melanesians; above it come true yellow-brown Malayan immigrations, the last of which is apparently that of the dominant Hovas. These two have intermarried more or less with one another. But there is also a true negro admixture on the side nearest Africa; while the intrusive Arab has, of course, established himself along the coast-line wherever he found an opening for his peculiar genius. Thus, even before Christianity and the European element came in to disturb our view, the ethnical facts of the island were tolerably mixed, and presented several problems on which I have not space to touch. But if this seems a good deal of ethnology for a single land, we must remember that Madagascar would cut up into four of England; and even in our own country the known elements of the population, Silurian, Cymric, Brigantian, Cornish, Anglian, Saxon, Norwegian, Danish, Norman, and so forth, are sufficiently numerous; while modern anthropologists would probably fight hard for an admixture of Palæolithic, Neolithic, Roman, Dacian, and Spanish elements, as well as for a trifling fraction of Jewish, Gipsy, Huguenot, and negro blood. It is a truism now to say that 'there is no such thing as a pure race'; every individual, especially in civilised countries, is a meeting-place and battle-field for endless hostile and conflicting ancestors. Our idiosyncrasy depends in the end upon the proportion of each which comes out victor in the formation of our character.

Take the single kingdom of Scotland alone. Englishmen are carelessly wont to suppose there is such a thing as a Scotch temperament. Scotchmen know better. Even if we omit from the reckoning such remoter and more doubtful elements as Black Celts, and so forth, we may say, roughly speaking, that Scotland

consists of six distinct nationalities—the English of the Lothians, the Welsh of Strathclyde, the Irish Scots of Argyllshire, the true Gaels of the Highlands, the Picts of the East Coast, and the Scandinavians of Orkney, Caithness, and Sutherland. All these, of course, though in some places tolerably pure, are in others inextricably intermingled; while outlying islands of each, such as the Picts of Galloway, are universally recognised. The ‘Little England beyond Wales’ in Pembrokeshire, mainly peopled by Flemings, who are English in speech among a Welsh-speaking population, forms a similar example in the southern half of our island; while, conversely, little outlaw communities of Welsh-speaking Britons are known to have held out in the eyots of the Fens for many generations against the conquering English of East Anglia and Mercia.

Take a linguistic case again. How strange it would seem to us to-day if there existed, say in Newfoundland, a colony of Anglo-Saxons, sent there by King Alfred, and speaking still the pure old Saxon tongue of King Alfred’s Wessex! Yet this would exactly parallel the case of Iceland. While Danes and Swedes have modernised the ancient Scandinavian of the Sagas into the Danish and Swedish of the present day, the Icelanders still go on speaking the tongue of their forefathers pretty much as it was spoken by Rolf the Ganger and Harold Hardrada; they read the Sagas in the tongue of the old singers as easily as our children can read Shakespeare and the English Bible. Mr. Steffanson, the learned Iclander, tells me another interesting fact of the same sort. It seems the women in certain parts of Normandy still wear a peasant cap with silver ornaments identical to this day with the cap commonly worn by Icelandic women. I need hardly add that the names of Norman villages are but Frenchified corruptions of the old pirate nomenclature—Ivo’s toft has been shortened to Ivetôt, while Hacon’s home has declined into Haconville.

On the other hand, nothing is more fallacious than the old-fashioned argument from language to kinship. It used once to be thought there was a ‘great Aryan race’ because there were many peoples who spoke the Aryan languages. I doubt whether even Professor Max Müller himself really believes nowadays in Our Aryan Ancestor; certainly, for the rest of the world, that exploded old humbug has vanished into the limbo of Central Asia, whence he never came, according to our latest authorities. (If he existed at all, it was probably in Scandinavia.)

A race, indeed, may speak the language of another without

having received any appreciable admixture of its blood; just as, for example, the pure-blooded negroes of the West Indies and the Southern States speak no tongue but English, Creole French, or Spanish. So, again, English has become the language of Ireland, without interfering to any large degree with the Celtic nationality of the people; indeed, writers who talk about 'the Anglo-Saxon race' in America and the colonies forget that the Anglo-Saxon who emigrates is generally either an Irishman, a Welshman, or a Highland Scot, without prejudice to the chance of his being a Cornish miner or a Celtic Yorkshireman. Through these Anglicised Celts, the English language has taken possession of North America, South Africa, and Australasia; not only is it swallowing up the French of Canada or Louisiana, the Spanish of California or New Mexico, and the Dutch of the Cape, but in the New World it has blotted out the African and Indian tongues, and is assimilating in the second generation the German, Scandinavian, Russian, and Italian immigrants. Your true New Englander is not a prolific father, like the German or the Irishman; and I believe myself that the proportion of Anglo-Saxondom in the America of our day has been grossly over-rated. 'Anglo-Celtic' is perhaps the truest description of the British nationality.

One of the greatest surprises of modern discovery in ethnical and linguistic science is similarly the overthrow of the Great Chinese Fallacy. Time was when the remote antiquity of China and Chinese civilisation was an article of faith for European scholars. It was believed that the yellow man had developed his own culture, such as it is, independently for himself, in the far east of Asia. He was the pioneer in writing, printing, and the use of gunpowder. But now Chinese scholars have shown us, alas! that China really derived its civilisation, like all the rest of us, by indirect steps, from Babylonia and Egypt. M. Terrien de Lacouperie first demonstrated the fact that long before the ancestors of the Celestial race reached the middle kingdom which they now inhabit, by the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang, they lived in close contact with that ancient civilised people, the Akkadians of Babylonia. From the wise men of Akkad they learned the rudiments of their arts; and when they set forth from Mesopotamia, a little horde of Bak tribes, on their long journey eastward, they carried with them both the early elements of Akkadian science, and the words and phrases of the Akkadian language. They reached China with letters, astronomy, and arts ready-made, and they have done little since but live on the

traditions of their far-western ancestors. The truth is, for the eastern hemisphere at least, there is but one civilisation, which began in Egypt and the Euphrates valley, and spread in either direction, eastward to Persia, India, and China, or westward to Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, and the Atlantic.

Even the Chinese language turns out, on examination, to be just the opposite of what earlier investigators thought it. Elder philologists took it for granted that primitive tongues *must* have been monosyllabic; and since Chinese is monosyllabic, they regarded it, somewhat illogically, as therefore primitive. But Terrien de Lacouperie and Douglas have shown, on the contrary, that Chinese is really Akkadian by origin, and that it was once polysyllabic, like most other languages. Its words have been shortened by wear and tear, or by that familiar process which turns omnibus into 'bus,' photograph into 'photo,' and bicycle into 'bike.' It consists of words said 'for short,' like the common abbreviation of William into Bill, Richard into Dick, or Theodore into Theo; or rather, it has suffered by that imperceptible phonetic change which has reduced *eleemosyne* to 'alms,' *semet-ipsissimum* to *même*, and Aethelthryth to Awdry. In fact, it turns out that Chinese, instead of being one of the most primitive languages, is really one of the most worn and degraded. In place of 'psychology' it would content itself with *psy*; while *tel* or *pho* would do duty for 'telephone.'

In this case, the diffusion of a language and a culture is by simple migration, as in the well-known instances of Tyre and Carthage, of Greece and Sicily, of England and America. In other cases, the diffusion is rather by conquest, as in the equally well-known instances of Alexander's successors, of the Roman Empire, and of the Arabs in Egypt, North Africa, and Syria. Greek, Latin, and Arabic, with their accompanying arts, became naturalised among the subject peoples. Most often, it is the conquerors who thus impose their language on the conquered; we need go no further afield than Wales or Ireland, where the process is incomplete, and Cornwall, where it reached its termination a century ago. But sometimes it is the conquered who absorb and assimilate the conquerors; the Normans seem to have been good hands at thus losing their identity wherever they went; for in Normandy, they dropped their native Scandinavian and adopted old French; while in England again they lost their French, and in a few generations became thorough-going Englishmen. In Ireland, too, as an Irishman expressed it, they 'inculcated Celtic

habits,' and gave rise to the famous saying, so often repeated, that they were 'ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores.'

On a large scale, this absorption of the conquerors by the conquered appears to have gone on over the entire Malayo-Polynesian region. It is curious that over this wide area from Madagascar to Hawaii only one type of language is spoken by the remotest islanders, belonging to all races, and having attained the most varied degrees of culture. The black and woolly-haired Melanesians of the South Pacific Islands, the warlike Maories of New Zealand, the gentle, brown Polynesians, the yellow Mongoloid and Mahommedan people of Java, the dark and half negro-like Malagasy of Madagascar, all speak varieties of this widely diffused language. At one time it was supposed that the Malays, those active Vikings of the far east, had carried their own tongue to these remote places; but then, as Mr. A. H. Keane has pointed out, Malay itself is not the most primitive, but the latest and most developed member of the group. It answers to French rather than to Latin; it is like modern Danish rather than modern Icelandic. The truth seems to be, as Mr. Keane suggests, that the language in question is a very old one, originally belonging to the true Polynesians. Before their arrival the Pacific isles were peopled by the low black race whom we call Melanesians. Many of the archipelagoes, however, were afterwards conquered and colonised by the lighter and essentially Caucasian people, closely akin to our own, whom we call Polynesians. These white Polynesians intermixed and intermarried more or less with the black Melanesians, remaining relatively pure and light-coloured in a few of the archipelagoes, while in others they acquired such an infusion of black blood as made them in time dark brown or copper-coloured. They imposed their own speech upon the black people everywhere, exactly as the English have imposed the tongue of Shakespeare and Newton upon the rude American and West Indian negroes. In the remotest and blackest islands, Mr. Keane points out, the oldest and crudest form of the common language survives, just as the ancient Scandinavian of the Sagas survives in Iceland; in the more advanced light-brown Polynesian groups, it has been improved and simplified into a more modernised form, just as in Europe the ancient Scandinavian has been improved and simplified into modern Danish and modern Swedish. Finally, at a still later period, the Polynesian tongue was adopted by the yellowish Mongoloid Malays, who conquered the same region, and who further improved and simplified it into the Malay



of commerce, as the Normans did with the English of King Alfred. Unfortunately, however, the languages in the lump are generally called Malayan, after the latest people who adopted them, instead of Polynesian, after their original speakers; which is somewhat the same error as if we were to describe English as the Norman tongue, or speak of Latin, Spanish, and Portuguese as belonging to the French Canadian group of languages.

The fact is, we have to recognise that changes such as those which we know to have taken place during the historical period also took place in prehistoric times and in unhistoric countries. Just as the English now colonise the coasts of the world, from Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, to South Africa, Canada, British Columbia, and Demerara, so the Phœnician and the Malay colonised in earlier times the Mediterranean or the Indian Ocean, and so the Melanesian in a very remote past spread across the Pacific in the frailest of vessels. And just as the Goth and Hun and Tartar swept down in historic times on the Roman Empire or the Asiatic world, so, long before, unknown migrations and unnamed hordes of savages swept down upon Egypt, Mesopotamia, and India. For the historic periods and places, we have documentary evidence; for the prehistoric or unhistoric, we have but the evidence of the existing and resultant arrangements.

Even these, however, tell us a great deal. What, for example, can be more curious than the existing diffusion of that tiny black 'Negrito' race, with woolly hair and very protruding jaws, which is now in all probability the earliest surviving variety of the human species? These pygmies occur in Africa as the dwarfs of the forest country, the Akkas, Wochuas, and others, barely four feet high; as the Batwas and Bushmen of the south; and less pure, as the Hottentots. They crop up again in the undersized aborigines of the Andaman Islands of the Gulf of Bengal, in the Negritos of the Philippines, and in the small black Papuans. Hence we are justified in concluding that this widespread half-developed race of dwarfs once covered a large part of the southern world, from which it has now been ousted by newer, bigger, and more developed tribes; while the primitive pygmies hold their own best either in a few remote islands, in a few barren deserts, or else in very dense and pathless forests, through which taller races would creep with difficulty.

Not less interesting than these romances of race as race are the romances of the interaction of race and religion, or of race and culture. For example, the Moors of the towns and of the sea-coast



in North Africa, largely intermixed as they are with Arab and other Semitic blood, have swallowed Islam entire, adopting not only its religion but also its social order—its polygamy, its harems, its veiling of women. The Kabyles and Berbers of the hills, on the other hand, fairly pure descendants of the old native Mauretanian or Romanised inhabitants, though they have accepted Mohammedanism more or less fervently as a religious faith, have never really assimilated it as a social system. To this day they are practically strict monogamists; their women do not veil, but freely show their extremely pretty and piquant faces; while the family is organised on much the same basis as in Europe generally. In other words, the racial habit of allowing a certain freedom and independence to women has proved stronger in practice than the law of Islam; the intrusive Semite has not been able to inoculate with his ideas the Hamitic North African. Nor in 'Aryan' Persia, again, has the prohibition against wine been so successful as elsewhere; while the native artistic and pictorial spirit of the Persian race has made a dead letter of the restriction against fashioning an image of anything that is in heaven above, or in earth beneath, or in the waters that are under the earth. Race, in short, has proved stronger than religion. For the Persians are Shiah, not orthodox Sunni; they have transformed the materialistic tenets of Islam into a mysticism not far removed from that of India or the Buddhists. Who could mistake Omar Khayyam for a mere Mahommedan?

Very similar ethnical diversities of faith may also be noticed in our own islands. The Anglican church, as a rule, has firmly established itself in the more Teutonic and south-eastern half of Britain alone. The Gaelic Celts, both in Ireland and the Scotch Highlands, have remained Roman Catholic; the Cymric Celts, both in Wales and Cornwall, have adopted Wesleyanism or some emotional form of Protestant nonconformity. Even in England proper it will be found that the Establishment flourishes best in the Teutonic south-east, while dissent is rife in the half-Celtic north, in the Yorkshire dales, in Lancashire, and in the West-country. I may add, side by side with these facts, that poets, musicians, and painters spring most frequently in Britain from the Celtic or semi-Celtic north and west, while they are rarer in the Teutonic or Teutonised south and east. Vocalists, in particular, are very frequently Welsh. Even in London, that vast congeries of mingled races, it is not without reason that nonconformity is led by Cambrians like the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes,

and that song is dispensed for us by Mr. Hirwen Jones and Mr. Ben Davies.

Canon Isaac Taylor has pointed out a still more curious cross-division of Europe as a whole, dependent upon underlying racial features. Two main types of skull are generally distinguished throughout the whole historic and prehistoric period—there are the dolichocephalic or long-headed, and the brachycephalic or short-headed people. 'The dolichocephalic Teutonic race,' says the learned Canon frankly, 'is Protestant; the brachycephalic Celto-Slavic race is either Roman Catholic or Greek orthodox. . . . The Teutonic peoples are averse to sacerdotalism, and have shaken off priestly guidance and developed individualism. Protestantism was a revolt against a religion imposed by the South upon the North, but which had never been congenial to the Northern mind. The German princes, who were of purer Teutonic blood than their subjects, were the leaders of the ecclesiastical revolt. Scandinavia is more purely Teutonic than Germany, and Scandinavia is Protestant to the backbone. The Lowland Scotch, who are more purely Teutonic than the English, have given the freest development to the genius of Protestantism.' And then the intrepid Canon, instead of worrying about theological explanations of the fact, goes on to show that the mean cephalic index (as it is called) of the Protestant Dutch is nearly that of the Swedes and the North Germans; while the Belgians are Catholics because their cephalic index approaches that of the Catholic Parisians. If a Swiss canton is long-headed, it is Protestant; if round-headed, it is Catholic. And Canon Taylor accounts (rightly, as I think) for one apparent British exception by saying shrewdly, 'The Welsh and the Cornishmen, who became Protestant by political accident, have transformed Protestantism into an emotional religion, which has inner affinities with the emotional faith of Ireland and Italy.'

Unless so distinguished a divine had led the way, I do not know whether I should have ventured myself to follow into this curious by-path of ethnology. But, in future, whenever one is tempted to ask oneself the once famous question, 'Why am I a Protestant?' the answer will be obvious—'Because 75 is my cephalic index. If it were 79, I should, no doubt, have become a Dominican brother.'

How charming is divine ethnology! I have said enough, I hope, to show that it is not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose, but teeming with odd hints of unsuspected quaintness.

GRANT ALLEN.

### THE FROZEN MAN.

CHIEF FACTOR ARMSTRONG drew the corn-cob from his mouth and spoke:—

‘You’ll be doing me a real service, if you will go with Mac, Talbot. I should hate to send him out, all by himself as you might say. Sinapis isn’t a much better companion than a dog.’

The object of the expedition I was about to make with MacDonald, assistant factor, was twofold. Game of all kind had been scarce that season, even wolves had deserted us, while valuable skins came in too slowly for advantageous trading. So we were going to explore the country northwards for signs of the larger fur-bearers, seeing that the reports of the Indians couldn’t be relied upon. Still the same unreliable individuals had furnished us with information, which formed the principal incentive to a journey of investigation. There were, so they said, a band of men at no great distance, who were trapping all the best furs in that district, thereby infringing upon the rights of the ‘Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson’s Bay.’

Armstrong didn’t believe this story, but still he was bound to make a decent search. For if such marauders actually existed, and it transpired that he had made no effort to verify the report, he would, of course, be found guilty of negligence.

The following morning everything was ready for our departure. The long sleigh, packed with provisions and furs, lay upon the glistening snow bed before the fort, while Sinapis with a powerful whip attempted to control the team of twenty-four dogs, the finest lot in the north, and the pride of the chief factor’s heart. Well they might be, for the famous breed of sleigh dog, or husky as they are generally named, is well-nigh extinct to-day. The yapping curs in use now are as closely related to them as is the town Indian of the present to his brother of a century ago.

The huskies are creatures more closely allied to bears than dogs. Their strength and staying powers are enormous, and their ferocity is on a par with their hardiness, which is indeed almost abnormal, for I have driven a team for a week on nothing but a little hard biscuit with a few scraps of deer pemmican and frozen fish strips once in the twenty-four hours. Yet they have snapped

as fiercely, and been to all appearance as strong on the last few miles as at the start.

The fierceness of these great brutes has caused many a painful tragedy. Father Royal, priest of a northern mission station, possessed one of the finest teams it has ever been my fortune to look upon. One day I found him in a state of the greatest distress. 'Mon pauvre Henri!' was the only answer I could get from him at first; but after a time I found out the cause of his grief. His half-breed servant had that very morning been torn to pieces, and partially devoured by the huskies. Before I left he was in better spirits, and had announced his intention of at once shooting the canine murderers. However, pride of possession must have been too strong for him, as not long afterwards I heard that a second servant had accepted the responsibility of looking after the dogs, only to share the same fate as his predecessor. After this I believe it became a common thing in that part of the country for a man to tell his enemy to 'go and look after Father Royal's huskies.'

Sinapis sprang into the back of the sleigh, the long lash curled forth, the leaders yelped impatiently. The next second we were gliding along swiftly, almost enveloped in the smoke-like breath of the dogs, while old Armstrong waved a farewell from the fort door. There is nothing half so exhilarating as a good scamper over the northern plains, wrapped up to the nose tip, lying full length along the sleigh, with a score of thoroughbred huskies in front. Away on all sides extend the snow-covered wastes, broken here and there by dark-green fir bluffs, the tresses silvered by ice crystals. Not a man, not an animal, no bird, nor insect may greet the eye for miles. But what of that? It is glorious to see the pale blue sky, dotted over with fragile *cirri*; to watch the crystals dancing like winter fireflies in myriads around, or to feel the sharp prick of the frost against the exposed features; to hear the comfortable swish of the sleigh as it glides along, with the quick breathing of the dogs. This is indeed to view unrolled nature's stores.

For the first day we travelled at a great pace, for the snow bed was solid and fairly even, though at times we would glance with sudden shock off a hidden point of rock, or grate over a fallen tree trunk which the last sprinkle of snow managed to conceal. At evening we camped well inside a bluff, keeping up a huge fire, which was indeed needed, for the little spirit ther-

mometer I had brought with me marked forty-six below zero when I read it at ten o'clock, and of course it would sink much lower than that before morning.

It was not until we had finished supper, and were bending to light our pipes at the fire, that MacDonald put a suspicion I had been harbouring for the last hour into words. 'Say,' he remarked, 'have you noticed Sinapis lately?'

The Indian appeared restless and uncomfortable. He moved listlessly, and accomplished his tasks without any pretence of alacrity, working slowly and heavily, though that was no new thing with him.

I answered Mac's question with another. 'What's wrong with him?'

He snorted impatiently. 'Sick, and dead sick, too. He was bad when we started, but never said a word, darn him.'

'He may be all right to-morrow.'

'That's a likely thing. You know what a weak, flimsy affair an Indian's constitution is. He's sick one day, dead the next; doing his usual work in the morning, taking his long rest at evening. It's no use kicking backwards because you don't want to go on. Any darned old mule can do that. What we want to do is to face this question.'

'We've got to trust to luck. Let's put him in the sleigh, wrap him up well, and if he's all right in the morning, the better for us. If he isn't, we'll have done all we can. You might have been worse off, Mac. If I hadn't come, you might have talked about being short handed.'

'If you weren't here, I shouldn't think twice about it,' he said rather sulkily; 'I should just hitch up the huskies first thing in the morning, and start to work; covering those tracks we made to-day.'

Unluckily, next morning there could be no question about the seriousness of the Indian's malady. What the disease was I couldn't tell; but his strength had gone, his head and body were racked with pains, and altogether he seemed in a bad way. However we started off north as soon as we had partaken of some food, and made good progress all forenoon. Then our evil fortune overtook us. We came out into bad country, covered over with rocks, and protected on either side by a deep band of firs. Here the snow bed was uneven. The sleigh, instead of gliding over the surface, broke through the crust, while the dogs sank up to their

bellies, tugging ineffectually, and filling the air with their short, angry barks.

Macdonald and I looked at each other. Anger was visible in every line of his countenance, as he sulkily shouted to the dogs, who ceased from their efforts willingly enough.

‘Just as I told you, Talbot,’ he grumbled. ‘Directly Sinapis is struck down, this sort of job crops up. We’re going to have a nice day of it, I tell you.’

There was no help for it. We lashed on the snow-shoes and walked ahead of the dogs, breaking a trail for them. It was hard work that, and took all the breath we could spare, so there was little conversation, until we reached a good camping place about six o’clock, and began to fix up for the night. Luckily the last few miles had been fairly easy, so we looked forward to clear sailing on the morrow. It is worthy of note that, during the whole of the day’s travel, we had never sighted a living thing. I don’t think you could find another country, where you may journey the sun’s course without casting eyes upon something which can lay claim to vital activity.

Sinapis was better, I thought. He was quieter, and had stopped groaning. He lay still, and never appeared to notice either of us. We did what we could for him, little enough, then left him and tried to get to sleep ourselves. The night was much milder, if twenty-five below may be called warm, but we were well sheltered by bluffs on every side.

We had not reasoned incorrectly, as we soon discovered on making a start the following morning. The bad country had been left behind, and we scudded over a level bed at high speed. So we covered a large area of country that day; but still we saw no game, only a few snow birds with a wolf slinking away here and there. It was indeed a barren season. Also we saw no tracks of the band of trappers we had come out to search for, so we put the story down as a fabrication of the native brain. But later it transpired that they were correct after all. The band was never approached; but they quarrelled, when nearing Hudson’s Bay and their headquarters, the result of which was that two men, both half-breeds, were picked up by the Indians from the snow, fearfully hacked with knives about face and body.

About four o’clock that afternoon a strange thing happened. We were gliding briskly along in the mysterious semi-darkness, when I found that my eyes were troubling me. They smarted,

while the lids twitched continually. Hanging my arm over the side of the sleigh, I caught up some snow in my fur mitt to apply to the afflicted part of my face. But, as I raised my hand, I noticed that the snow it contained, instead of being of its customary whiteness, was most distinctly tinged with pink. I glanced towards stolid old MacDonald, and my amazement increased when I beheld a luminous halo round his grizzled head. Turning my throbbing eyes towards the huskies, I noticed a soft pink radiance glowing round their bodies, while the steam-like breath that poured from their mouths floated away in roseate clouds, or hung in the still air like rainbows.

While I was wondering at the meaning of this phenomenon, MacDonald turned his head and gazed at me solemnly, with eyes that blinked and twitched like mine:

'Hello, Saint Talbot!' he exclaimed, without a vestige of humour in his voice.

I only stared at him stupidly, and he continued, 'I don't say you're a saint exactly, but you'd make a good church window painting of one. There's a circle of red light round your head any holy one might envy.'

'You've got one too,' I said.

'So have the dogs.' Then he muttered in a lower tone, 'Darn the lights, anyway.'

'Then *that's* what it is.'

'Isn't it enough for you?' he said half angrily. 'It's bad enough to see the death lights when you're snug at home. But when they strike you out here, it's death for somebody. *He's* going to pop off.'

'Pshaw!' I muttered.

'It's no use shirking a fact, is it? If Sinapis isn't going off to-night, one of us is. I guess it's better him, than you or I.'

The long rose-tinted lash curled savagely over the brightly coloured backs of the dogs, and we bounded along in silence, while I fixed my eyes upon a thick clump of firs, which looked as though they were on fire. Presently a gruff exclamation at my shoulder startled me.

'Here they come! the devil's lights.'

I put my head back and glanced at the sky. Lurid tongues were creeping up from the mysterious north, and advancing in slow movement across the heavens. They resembled huge flames of fire seen indistinctly through a thick cloud of smoke. On the



opposite side flaming spindles shot upward in a clear sky, darting suddenly here and there, as though striking at invisible foes with their spear-like tips; while, at the same time, I fancied I heard a low moaning, like the wind round the street corner on a wintry night. Otherwise there was silence—awful, complete silence. Gradually the red hue became more pronounced, the air grew ghastly, figures seemed to sweep by, muttering as though in pain, the snow plains around might have marked the scene of a great carnage. MacDonald's face was livid and awesome. I glanced once at the still countenance of Sinapis, but recoiled at the sight, for death was upon his lips.

Few words passed between us, and presently we reached the pine bluff we had long been heading for. A cloud of fire crested the summit. We began to prepare our camping place, between the slender columns, stretching in lengthy corridors on all sides, faintly illumined, as if to receive us, with the lambent lights.

We examined Sinapis, and nothing but a look passed when we observed his condition. Amateur doctor that I was, one glance sufficed to convince that the man was much worse. His limbs were hot and covered with red spots. With his feeble arms he endeavoured to toss off the furs, and, if he could suffer from an excess of heat in such a temperature, I knew that he must be ill indeed. I went to my thermometer, for I felt that the temperature must be nearing an exceptional point. The spirits were skulking away at the bottom, and the index marked sixty-one. I returned with the intelligence to my companion.

'Ninety-three degrees of frost, Mac.'

He raised his shaggy head. 'Well, that's about the limit. A few more degrees, and we shall be smothered. I knew it was something low, for the atmosphere strikes like fire.'

'A steady blow of wind now——'

'And we should be shrivelled up like dried leaves.'

We made four large fires at a slight distance from each other. For a couple of hours we toiled with bush axes, felling wood to keep us in fuel for the night; but every other minute we had to stop and gasp for breath. Meantime the heavens were growing scarlet; the snow might have been soaked in blood; my companion's face grew more corpse-like. Load after load of resinous wood we carried to the camp, then settled down to nibble at what food we could manage to partially thaw. After we had completed an altogether insufficient meal, we sat down opposite each other to

enjoy our one pleasure—a good pipeful of tobacco. The huskies gathered round, snarling at one another, lying so close to the fires that the air soon became filled with the odour of singeing fur, and we had to drive them away with whips, lest they should place us in a quandary by committing suicide. Hard by lay Sinapis, wrapped up in the sleigh, never moving nor speaking.

Providence has specially ordained that, when the temperature touches an extremely low point, two things may not happen—a fire cannot burn dully, nor may the wind blow. Were it not for this, life in the northern regions would often be impossible.

We smoked silently for an hour or more, only rising at intervals for fresh supplies of fuel. The mysterious atmosphere bathed us in its red waves; the fiery cones and spindles above kept on darting and flashing in strange warfare; the shuddering shadows crept among the trees and out into the open. It was a remarkable night indeed!

Presently Mac drew the last mouthful of smoke from his pipe. As he pulled the little canvas bag out of his pocket—in winter he always carried his tobacco cut—he eyed me in strange fashion, and said, ‘Do you see, Talbot?’

‘I’m not blind,’ I answered a bit testily, for I looked upon him as a superstitious old fool.

‘Ay, and do you hear?’ he continued in the same monotonous voice.

‘See here, Mac,’ I broke in, ‘let’s talk on something else. Why should we bother our heads about the lights? It’s nothing but the aurora.’

‘That’s what they say,’ he remarked slowly. ‘But what makes these sounds? What causes these red lights to jump around in the sky, and what makes those shadows we see crawling around? I know some men, whose heads are too big for their bodies, talk about electricity and terrestrial magnetism, and clever enough they think themselves, I’ve no doubt. But just get them together, I say, and ask them straight what *is* electricity and what *is* terrestrial magnetism. All they’ll do then is sit down and suck their thumbs.’

‘There are cleverer men than us, Mac.’

‘There’s a clever and a common-sense way of looking at things,’ he said stubbornly. ‘One man wants to find the height of a wall. He takes a sheet of paper and a lot of fiddling instruments, draws pictures, and decorates them with half the letters in

the alphabet. At last he works out a sort of answer. Another man just slips to the top of the wall and drops a plumb line down side, makes a knot in the line, goes away home and measures it. One's the clever way of finding the height of that wall, and the other is the common sense way. Give me the last, I say, for it's the way men were intended to find out things.'

'Then what have you to say about the lights?'

'The devil fixes them up to scare us fellows and to warn us there's trouble coming.'

'Then why do we only see them out here? Why only in the extreme cold?'

'He uses different methods to scare people in other places,' came the ingenious answer. 'Besides, these lights do show further south, and harm always comes with them. With us, Sinapis will die.'

'Well, the lights have nothing to do with it.'

'I'm not so darned sure. Two years ago there was a night like this. Factor Robinson went out on the ice of the bay, to look for his little dog which had strayed from the fort. I guess you heard how we found him next morning, smashed up beyond recognition by a bear. I helped to carry him back, took the shoulders, I did, and his head was like a rotten apple that someone had set his foot on. Yes, he was a bad sight, and I blame the death lights for that.'

I made an impatient movement, but he continued in tones of stolid conviction. 'Then I guess you know all about the fight between young French and Alan McRae, that took place near the Great Slave five years from this month. It was just such another night, the sky on fire and the snow bloody. They fought for half an hour with knives out in the open, both of them being in liquor, and at the end French lay dead, while Alan stumbled in the shanty to join him before morning. They were good enough fellows, and quiet too, never having quarrelled before that night. It was the lights that drove them to it.'

I tried to laugh his words away, but only a dry sound issued from my throat. No man could have been light-hearted amid such weird surroundings.

'This night further south, no electric instruments will obey the hand of any man. Telephones, telegraphs, all the rest of them, will refuse to work, or perform on their own account. Ay, on nights of this sort, messages come stealing along the wires and

the operators are called up by hands which have no flesh on them. You can't deny that.'

'Free electricity has powers of which we know nothing,' I said wildly.

'There you are again. Well, you're welcome to your electricity notion and all you can make of it. Here's a little story I'm going to tell you, and if it isn't true may my tongue rot off. In a small town, a year or two ago, the lights came one winter's night, so all the telegraph stations were closed. Late at night one of the operators went into the office for something, and while there the signal sounded. He was a brave chap, and though he knew *who* it was that had rung the bell, he stepped up to the index and prepared to take down the message. The needle ticked away, only one word was transmitted, yet it was enough to make him faint right off.'

'What was the word?'

'Death. Just that one word. Three months later it came for him.'

'You've got some queer notions into your head, Mac.'

'Maybe, Talbot. But there are queerer round us. I remember an old friend of mine telling me once, how, when the lights were bad, he switched on his telephone and listened. He wasn't a chap of powerful imagination, but he made me shiver, when he described how he heard the strange Things twisting and turning round the wires outside, whispering and chattering and groaning like——'

'Shut up, Mac,' I interrupted. 'If you haven't got anything better to talk about, let's sit quiet.'

'I'm not particular. I can't talk on anything else. So perhaps I'm better with my mouth shut, as you say.'

He tucked the flap of his buffalo round his knees, while just then a deep groan burst forth from the sleigh. I rose and looked at the sick man. He was lying on his back, breathing with difficulty. He was having a fearful struggle with the disease which held him down. Also, I couldn't help imagining, for MacDonald's talk had upset me more than a little, he was striving to avoid the clutches of some invisible power, other than death, which hovered menacingly over his resting place.

I sat down again, and soon afterwards felt my forehead tapping against my knees. Still I never slept. I was nodding dreamily, all the time conscious of my companion's dark eyes peering at me

over the bowl of his pipe, through a continually rising cloud of smoke. Mac was a hard smoker, and used to say the only thing he had against sleep was that it deprived a man of his tobacco. I was conscious of what was taking place around, so I perceived that whiteness was gradually returning to the snow and the fire dying from the sky. Luminous clouds, with swords of light flashing round the edges, moved slowly up, while streamers quivered in the north, lengthening or shortening as the fancy seized them. Falling backward and resting my head against a stack of wood, I watched these strange forms, which were never for a moment at rest, speeding always from one side to another. But it occurred to me that the prevailing movement was that of descent. These cloud spirits, in their diaphanous robes of wavy light, were inclined to leave the sky vault, to drop down towards us, to wrap us in their fleecy raiment, and carry us away to that land beyond the ice mountains, towards which men are always approximating, which they never can reach.

I had laughed, before that night, at the foolishness of the Indians. When these lights are bright, they will fearfully creep from their *tepees*, uplift their arms towards the descending masses, scream aloud, then hurriedly re-seek the partial shelter of their tents. Why? Because at the sound of the human voice the descending motion ceases. The lights break up, scatter and flee away to all parts of the heavens, hiding themselves until the atmosphere ceases to vibrate with the echo of the voice. Then they steal forth once more, flock together in ghostly band, and begin again to drop towards the brown tents and the trembling occupants. 'Should we not do this,' says the native, 'should we refrain from shouting with our voices, the spirits would descend, would draw us away, and bear us to the land of the unmelting snow, there to rend us in pieces—for spirits exist on the souls of mortals.'

Wild thoughts such as these coursed through my brain as I lay in a half somnolent state. The luminous clouds *were* descending with steady movement. They appeared larger, and a fire might now be perceived burning within the heart of each. Down, still down, nearer and closer, until my weak eyes pictured out long, attenuated limbs, loosely robed, with hooked, blood-stained extremities working towards their prey. Still down, and now the cloak fell aside. Hideous faces peered forth, malignant eyes, revolving like red-hot wheels, huge mouths with gruesome fangs

gnashing noisily for a victim. But no other features, except ears, long and pointed, held erect for sound of moving life. I struggled to free myself, but an unseen power held me chained to the ground. It was the devil's hunt, and these were his hounds. They were in full cry and we were the quarry. But which was it to be? The answer came at once. It must be the one who failed to send the cry ringing forth into the night. For only the human voice raised in defiance can cast off the hell-hounds when the scent is strong.

Again I struggled, still the hand crushed me to the icy ground. MacDonald was bending over me, a pitying smile upon his face, on his lips the words:

'So, you are the chosen. Well, I am sorry; but I warned you against the death-lights. You see, they have proved too strong, after all. Good-bye.'

Then the phantasy was broken by a wailing cry. I started up with throat dry, my body trembling with cold, and the horror of the vision. As I rose to a sitting posture, the grim lights darted up swiftly towards the sky, and the next second were hurrying across the heavens, gibbering in triumph, as though they had succeeded in their quest and were not returning empty-handed.

I heard MacDonald's voice, but when I turned my fear came back.

'What is it, Mac? Did I scare you?'

'You!' he cried, in high-pitched voice. 'How could you scare any one lying dead asleep?'

'Didn't I cry out?'

'You've been dreaming. You never uttered a sound. But *he* did. He shouted one word!' He shivered and cast his eyes around on all sides.

'Sinapis! What did he say?'

'*Mascha!* A strange thing to say with his last breath.'

'His last breath?'

'Look at him, man!' he cried fiercely. 'Don't lie there! Go and look at him.'

I rose, though my knees shook. I made my way to the side of the sleigh, through a ring of sleeping dogs. I bent over the side, though I feared to look upon that colourless face, which lay surrounded by a frost-covered pile of furs.

Sinapis was dead.

Next morning the sun glittered upon the snow-plains, dispelling the unnatural colours of the night. As the day was only of a few hours' duration, we had to make the most of it. Now that it was time for departure, we came to a disagreement concerning the disposal of the body. We had stripped away the furs, applying them to our own use. Now the figure lay beneath the pines, stretched out straight and stiff, frozen by the inexorable cold to as solid a mass as a block of marble. I had touched the dark face with the point of an unprotected finger, scraping away a line of ice-crystals, and in doing so froze the finger-tip with the contact against the inanimate stone—I could not call it flesh.

MacDonald, superstitious to the ends of his nails, averred that he would not travel in such ghastly company. On the other hand, I declared it to be an act of wickedness to leave him behind, seeing that he was Christian, and therefore deserved fitting burial. There happened to be a priest near the fort, and as the body would keep for ever in that temperature, I argued that it was our duty to take it back. But Mac waxed wrathful. 'Why not plant him in the snow right here and have done with it?'

'What's left of Sinapis is going back with us, if only for the sake of satisfying Armstrong. So it's no good you talking,' I said firmly.

At length we compromised. The body was to follow us, lashed upon a little sleigh, which we improvised out of pine branches and attached securely to the back of our own. Even then MacDonald was anxious, and continually glanced over his shoulder to see if the body was following properly.

During the short day we travelled swiftly over the dusty snow, approaching our journey's limit. Still we saw scarcely any game, though wolves and foxes grew more plentiful; nor could we discover any mark of moccasin, no trellis-work pattern where the snow-shoe had pressed, no parallel grooves where runners had passed. Onward we swept towards the endless ice-fields, swifter as afternoon grew, for the bed was solid; and along our trail bounded the stone-like image of the frozen man.

That night we encamped in the open. At least, there were banks of firs on all sides as wind breaks, but we made our fire in a space at the bottom of a slight dip, which we found to be genuine and not a freak of the snow. The first thing was to isolate ourselves from our companion, so we unlashed the figure,



dragged it over the ridge, and finally deposited it in the valley beyond, quite out of sight, yet not more than seventy-five yards distant from our encampment. Then we had supper, commenced our tobacco and conversation, the latter of which did not continue long, since we had nothing much to talk about and were both tired.

A more beautiful sight I have rarely witnessed, than the calm splendour of that night. The white light poured over the dark pine summits, fringing the tresses with silvery glow. Presently the great moon appeared, riding up with stately movement and casting on the plains myriads of diamonds, that flashed in ever-changing glories of blue and green. Opposite lay the shivering arch of the aurora, a thing of beauty, not, as on the former night, a thing of horror. Silver streamers darted from the arch, illumining the sky with narrow bands, while countless needles, dwindling away to nothingness, moved slowly, lengthening and shortening, one springing from the side of another.

I lay in drowsy condition, wrapped up to the eyes, in the sleigh. I heard the dogs snarling spitefully. I could see Mac endeavouring to clear the stem of his pipe, which was blocked, and smiled lazily when I perceived his lips moving, as he silently cursed the helpless object. Allowing my gaze to wander, I looked at the black granite blocks scattered over the plain. I watched the frost crystals dancing joyfully everywhere. I followed the course of sparks carried from the keenly burning fire, and regretfully considered that I might have to bestir myself in an hour or so to haul in more fuel. There was absolutely not a breath of wind. I watched the tops of the pines for minutes together, in the hope of seeing some motion, but I could not declare I ever saw one stir an inch. I might have been gazing upon a panorama.

My brain was active, and flew rapidly from one subject to another. I wondered how many men in the course of the world's history had passed over the spot where we then rested. I tried to imagine the surroundings when this inhospitable land was a tropical country, infested by strange beasts now nothing more than a name. What would be the next change, after man had dug up the trees of the coal period? How far distant is the nearest human being? was my next thought. There were Esquimaux along the bay, perhaps two hundred miles east by north, but closer might probably be found a wandering band of Swampy Crees. Then I reflected upon the silent figure in the

valley hard by. This man I had trusted, for he was somewhat of an exception to the rule that a Christian Indian is an unprincipled rogue. He was an excellent hunter, and several times had led me along the fresh trail of the moose; he was a good servant, rarely shirking his duties, unless liquor lay in his way. Now he had finished his dreary life in the remote north, far from cities or learning; he had plunged into the vortex of the unknown; perhaps at that moment he knew of more mysteries than the wisest have ever dared to guess at.

I suppose it was not surprising, in such a place, at such a time, that my last waking thoughts should turn towards sentiment. Before long I glided off imperceptibly into slumber, but I am certain my insensibility was of short duration, for though mind slept, senses were active, alive to sound or motion.

So I presently awoke, convinced that I had listened involuntarily to a scuffling noise, probably at no distance, though in that abnormally clear atmosphere a sound would travel for miles. The moon was well up in the heavens, and looked down upon us coldly. An unearthly cry certainly rang in my ears, then a shadow fell upon the snow. I looked up and saw a tawny owl with strange horns and hideous eyes. He wheeled down, flapped his great wings, and soared away.

I was half awake only, yet there were surely other sounds in the valley adjoining. Bodies in motion, patterings of feet upon crisp snow, stealthy gliding and whisperings. I pulled myself upright to listen more intently. But, as I did so, an awful cry burst forth, rending the still night air like a trumpet blast, every syllable of the message beating with accompanying echo in my ears:

*'Siphaytay—Mascha!'*

The silence that followed was in its way as awful as the sound. I shook like a man with ague, while my teeth went chattering together, and my heart thumped furiously. Presently I heard a gasp, as though some one were choking. Then I managed to screw my neck round and look at MacDonald.

I felt bad again when I saw him, for his face was purple, and his hands beating together in a manner that would have been ludicrous at any other time. Now I could not doubt that those Cree words had been spoken, or rather shouted, in appeal to us, and who could have given them utterance, except the grim figure of the frozen man lying a few yards away?

It was no use trembling there, waiting for the sound to be repeated; but it is a curious fact that when a man is really frightened he imagines himself safer if he remains quiescent. The act of motion suggests a challenging of unseen powers. However, I spoke, though there was a tremor in my voice which had no business there.

‘Did you hear that, Mac?’

It was a foolish question, but it opened the way to further remarks.

He came shambling towards me like a frog, on hands and knees, grabbing tight hold of my arm when he reached the side of the sleigh.

‘The day of judgment trumpet couldn’t be plainer. I told you it would be bad travelling with *that*. See what you’ve brought on us.’

‘What’s the matter with him?’

‘How can a man, frozen solid through and through, scream out? It was his voice, but scared and troubled. “*Mascha*” was the last word he spoke before he went. He said it because he was afraid to die. Why does he cry it out now?’

‘Because his body’s in danger.’ Then I turned out of the sleigh. ‘Come, Mac, we must see what he wants. He was appealing to us, clear enough. He was calling to somebody to leave his body alone.’

‘Let’s get hold of your arm. The fear isn’t so bad when you divide it up with some one. The Lord only knows what devilry Sinapis is up to.’

We began to ascend the incline with slow steps, for I dreaded to look from the top of the ridge.

‘It was his own voice. Just the voice he used when he was scared,’ muttered Mac, nearly pulling me down with his weight.

We neared the summit, a few more steps and the ridge would have been surmounted, when, without a note of warning, the dreadful cry darted out into the night, and we both sank upon our knees to the ground, shivering, awe-struck.

‘*Siphaytay—Mascha!*’

‘Come away, Talbot,’ wailed Mac, catching at my legs as I tottered up, ‘there are things we can’t look upon. Let’s get back and hitch up the dogs.’

I fought at my breath, which was like a flame of fire. ‘No,

we can stand it now, Mac. We're ready for it. Another two steps and we shall see the body.'

I pulled him up, but he didn't hang to my arm. He clapped both hands to his ears, to shut out any repetition of that wild cry. In this fashion we crossed the ridge, but when I looked down on the valley a single ejaculation fell from my lips—

'Wolves!'

A score or so round the motionless figure of the frozen man, hungrily struggling to rend that marble flesh. One part of the mystery was explained. But how about the other?

'Come away down, Mac,' I cried, 'there's nothing to fear. Let's sing out and scare the wolves.'

My companion recovered wonderfully, when he perceived there was nothing revolting to the vision. He raised his great voice and bellowed lustily. Then we floundered down into the valley, while the animals sullenly dispersed.

No change had taken place in Sinapis' appearance. He lay, just as we had left him, upon his back, the face, covered with glittering frost, gazing up at the white moon, the scanty garments torn into shreds by the fangs of the wolves. There was nothing to tell us how that cry had been uttered. We could only wonder, as so many had done before us, trying in vain to tear away the veil that hangs between us and the secrets of Nature.

Mac took the feet, while I raised the head. Then we retraced our steps to the camp fire, and placed the body along the snow, away from the heat. After, we settled in the sleigh, conversing in frightened manner on what we had heard, for how could we doubt the testimony of our own ears?

'We'll make for home first thing, and we won't take him with us, eh?'

I had weakened in my resolution. 'Perhaps we'd better leave him. Anyway, we'll bury him as decently as we can.'

'Ay,' he said. Then there was silence again.

'I'd like to be able to understand this,' he resumed presently.

'It's beyond us, Mac. Still we've got a right to fix our ideas, and mine's this: Perhaps the soul of a dead man can't rest, unless the body is properly buried. If the wolves had torn the flesh to pieces, the funeral could never have taken place. So the spirit, who must have been looking after the body, used the power of human speech for the purpose of appealing to us.'

'But he never did.'

'It came to the same thing. It told us the body required help, and we were the only ones to give it.'

'I guess you're right,' he said, 'anyway it isn't for me to disagree, for I've not your education. You must know more about such things than I.'

This from MacDonald was a great concession.

'There's nothing to keep us out longer, eh?'

'We'll start back, right off. Armstrong can do all the talking he likes. The furs have left this district, and as for those trappers, they never did have any existence outside of a lie, if you want my opinion.'

'*Siphaytay—Mascha!*'

We both sprang up with a shriek, for this third shock affected us more even than the first. The frightful voice was so close, the tones so distinct and agonised. In the first moment I thought the body must have moved, and, when I turned, gave a gasp of relief at not seeing the awful face of the frozen man at my shoulder. As for MacDonald, I was afraid he had gone off his head, for he leapt in front of me, gesticulating wildly.

'O Lord! O Lord!' he groaned. 'It cut all round me like a whip.'

Then the scuffling noise came again, but this time accompanied by angry barks and snarls.

Again I found a partial explanation. Now it was the huskies, who had made a savage attack upon the frozen body. As I stretched out my hand for the heavy whip, I saw the leader, a tremendous brute, standing upon the dead man's chest, licking the icy face with his great tongue, trying to thaw the flesh with the warmth of his breath. The next moment he sprang back with a growl of pain, as the loaded thong struck him across the eyes. A few more strokes and the rest of the pack were driven aside.

I pulled the stone image of Sinapis to the side of the sleigh and tumbled him in, unassisted by MacDonald, who refused to approach the mysterious remains. Then I sat down near the head and watched until morning. Better a loss of sleep than a repetition of that horrible cry.

And in the raw, red light of the dawn we buried him. Hitching up the dogs, we drove to a thick bluff, south of our encampment. Here we found a snow hill, crested by a lofty dome like a miniature cathedral, with dark, rounded columns of

pinces stretching away into darkness. With our axes we cut a deep hole, laid the frozen man in his temporary resting place, a strange dark figure in the midst of perfect whiteness, then piled the snow, like white, inodorous flowers, upon the now silent body.

Before leaving, I felt it my duty to commend the dead Indian to the safe keeping of Providence as best I could, though I was aware MacDonald was eyeing me askant. But when I concluded, he flopped down upon the snow, and I heard him muttering in his beard :

‘Whatever comes, I’ll not be beaten by a Catholic.’

Then he poured forth a long prayer, which, so far as I could make out, was nothing but a rebuke to me and others of my creed, until I began to get cold and weary. At length he noticed my impatience and rose, remarking with an immense amount of self-satisfaction, ‘Sixteen minutes steady, and never repeated myself.’ Then, mistaking my silence for jealousy, he added, ‘And I could have gone on for half an hour.’

Poor old Mac. He had strange notions, but was a good fellow at heart. That expedition made a lot of difference to him, for his nerves never altogether recovered from the shock they received during that white night, though I dare say subsequent whisky had something to do with it, for Mac was never very strong on the total abstinence question.

So we turned from that quiet pine bluff and the snow dome which protected the remains of Sinapis. Again we glided over the plains to the music of the sleigh bells, but now we were on homeward trail, travelling at full speed over the dazzling white, with sun above, and loneliness on every side. Home! The word had a pleasant ring after what we had undergone. Even though it were nothing better than a solitary log-built fort in the centre of a frozen land.

ERNEST G. HENHAM.

## *THE MECHANISM OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.*

EVERYONE who has read 'Peter Simple'—and whosoever has not should do so at once—remembers Peter's bewilderment when he stayed, on his way through London to join his ship, with his father's stockbroker at his house in St. Clement's Lane, E.C. Mr. Handycrack, described as a 'man about six feet high, dressed in blue cotton-net pantaloons and Hessian boots, with a black coat and waistcoat,' came home either in a surly temper which impelled him to eat all the fish at dinner, or else wreathed in smiles and geniality, according to the state of his book and results of the daily tussle between 'bulls' and 'bears.' As his wife explained, 'It is one of the misfortunes of matrimony, that ven the husband's put out the vife is sure to have her share of it. Mr. Handycrack must have lost money on 'Change, and then he always comes home cross. Ven he vins, then he is as merry as a cricket.' Stockbrokers do not live in St. Clement's Lane now, and it may be hoped that their journey home, solaced by tobacco and an evening paper, enables them to put away business worries before they reach their doors. It is possible also that the simplicity of Peter Simple is now a thing of the past, and that no green lad from the country could now be humbugged as completely as he was by his messmates at the 'Blue Posts.' Nevertheless, the Stock Exchange and its methods are still very puzzling. Most of us remember the bottomless pitfall in which we floundered when the course of our arithmetical studies brought us to Stocks, and investors still worry their brokers by always expecting them to be able to sell for them at the highest and buy at the lowest prices. A letter appeared not long ago in the columns of a financial paper from an indignant citizen who had devoted earnest study to the question of Stock Exchange prices, and had come to the conclusion that the reason why double quotations were always given—*e.g.* Brighton Deferred,  $180\frac{1}{4}$  to  $180\frac{1}{2}$ —was that the unfortunate public should always be compelled to buy at the higher quotation and sell at the lower. This he considered to be an outrage and an organised fraud, sufficient to warrant the interference of Government. This is, perhaps, an extreme case, but at the same time there is no doubt that the Stock Exchange, owing to the ignorance



of its methods on the part of those who employ it, is often credited with sharp practice when it is really doing its work honestly and efficiently.

To make the thing as clear as possible let us follow out, as a concrete example, the story of a Stock Exchange transaction from its beginning to its end. Let us suppose that Mr. Jones is the fortunate possessor of 2,000*l.* Great Eastern Ordinary stock. He purchased it twelve years ago at 62½, and as the price had rather more than doubled itself, he thought fit, last May, to sell out and look for a fresh investment. Accordingly he writes to his brokers, Messrs. Smith, Sons & Co., of Threadneedle Street, telling them to sell the stock at the highest possible price. Being a man of leisure and living in the country, Jones probably covers a whole sheet of closely written paper to convey this order, which might have been expressed in a line and a half. However, as business is slack, Mr. Smith reads the letter patiently, and then jots down on a slip of paper, along with a list of other orders, 'Sell 2 Easterns, Jones.' Mr. Smith, by the way, is a very different person from Captain Marryat's Handycrock: the change in his outer garb from the Hessians and blue pantaloons has been accompanied by an equally complete alteration in the inner man, and we may, without violating probabilities, describe our imaginary stockbroker as having a nice taste in pictures, and a library as carefully selected as his cellar. Nevertheless, he is just as keen a man of business as his uncultured archetype. His list of orders ready, he walks across into the 'House,' a lofty building lined with streaky marble and filled with a buzzing crowd, roughly broken up into groups which represent the various markets. He notes that the American market is chanting a Gregorian refrain round a jobber who happens to be a churchwarden, and infers that there 'can't be much doing in Yankees, as they're playing already.' He meets his clerk, who has just been collecting a list of opening prices, and learns from him that Easterns are 'about seven and a half.' Armed with this information, he strolls towards the Home Railway market, looking as if he took a merely academic interest in its existence. He is at once seized by a watchful jobber who is waiting on the outskirts of the market to pounce on any brokers who may appear, and the following dialogue ensues:—

Robinson: 'Hallo, Smith, want to know anything?'

Smith (with an air of indifference): 'How's your market this morning?'

Robinson: 'Oh, about a quarter better all round—British, figure to a quarter—Berwicks, half three-quarters—Hulls, an eighth three-eighths——'

Smith: 'What are Easterns?'

Robinson: 'Three-eighths five-eighths last I heard of them' (with a sharp glance at Smith's inscrutable face); 'anything to do in them?'

Smith: 'I might deal in a couple.'

Robinson dives into the market and consults hastily with his partner who is inside watching the dealings between jobbers. He gathers that five-eighths is bid for Easterns, and that there are sellers at eleven-sixteenths. He emerges and tells Smith that Easterns are a bit better, and that he will 'make him a half three-quarters,' thus implying that he is prepared to buy at a half or sell at three-quarters. 'Come a little closer,' says Smith. 'Hang it all, old chap, beastly jumpy market, you know; can't expect—dash it all,' as Smith begins to move towards the other side of the market, 'nine-sixteenths three-quarters.' 'Sell you two,' says Smith, entering the sale of 2,000*l.* Great Eastern at  $127\frac{9}{16}$  in his dealing book. 'Don't know how the deuce you expect a poor jobber to make an honest living,' says Robinson, making hieroglyphics with his pencil. 'All right, old chap, you keep pretty fat on it.' 'Nothing more to do?' 'Not at present, thanks,' and exit Smith to carry out his orders in other markets. Whereupon Robinson resells the stock to another jobber at  $127\frac{5}{8}$ , thus making his profit, or 'turn' as it is called, of a sixteenth per cent. on the transaction, or 1*l.* 5*s.* on the 2,000*l.* stock. Now this may seem high pay for half a minute's conversation and three strokes of a pencil, and if the jobber could always rely with certainty upon making his 'turn' there would be some justification for the contention that he is too highly paid for his services. But it is not so, and we shall be well within the bounds of probability if we imagine that the second jobber who bought the stock from Robinson at  $127\frac{5}{8}$  was already 'short' of it, having sold to a broker late on the preceding afternoon at  $127\frac{3}{8}$ , and having then found that he was unable to get the stock back except at a loss. It must also be remembered that a transaction in 2,000*l.* stock is a comparatively small bargain, and that large deals multiply not only the chance of profit but also the risk of loss.

The position of the jobber is interesting in so far as he is

a special product of London and exists nowhere else in the exchanges of the world, and is important inasmuch as it is generally misunderstood. Dr. Johnson, who succeeded in making a Dictionary entertaining by introducing libels as definitions, defined the stockjobber as 'a low wretch who makes money by buying and selling shares in the funds'; but with all due deference to the lexicographer and his healthy, hearty old prejudices, it may be contended that the jobber, as long as he sticks to his legitimate business, is a useful, and even indispensable, member of society. He is a middleman, it is true, and it is nowadays the fashion to abuse all middlemen and maintain that they are useless parasites. But a contractor is in a sense a middleman, and the experience of the London County Council Works Department has proved that his elimination may bring surprisingly expensive results. The jobber exists to create a free market in securities. When a broker receives an order, he is able to go straight to a knot of men gathered at a certain place in the Stock Exchange, knowing that, whether he has to buy or sell, he will be able to do so readily, though the ease and rapidity with which transactions can be carried out varies to a certain extent with the nature of the securities that have to be dealt in. If we eliminated the jobber to-morrow, a broker could not deal until he had found another broker who was a seller of the stock that he wished to buy, and *vice versa*; and even when he had succeeded in doing so he could not be sure about the price at which he would be justified in dealing, and the inevitable results would be an intolerable waste of time, a great deal of bickering and higgling between broker and broker, still more friction and recrimination between broker and client, and in the end the business would probably not be done so cheaply. One thing is certain, that if the jobber were eliminated the trouble and worry of the broker would be so much increased that he would be forced at least to double his commissions. So that by suppressing the jobber's turn we should only have to pay twice as much commission to the broker, and have the satisfaction of seeing our business done less efficiently. Prof. Walker's humorous description of commerce without money might be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Stock Exchange without jobbers. 'The boot-maker who wanted a hat for his own use might find many persons who would be glad to get pairs of boots but had no hats to give in exchange, and several persons who had hats, indeed, to sell, but

were already supplied with boots, before he found one person who both had hats and lacked boots.' In the same way we can imagine the endless confusion that would be caused by a chaotic horde of brokers, each with a long list of orders, not daring to bid or offer openly for fear they should find that all the rest were trying to deal on the same tack as themselves, and having no certainty that when they did succeed in concluding a bargain, they had obtained fair terms for their clients.

On the other hand, the system which has grown up with the establishment of the jobber is nearly perfect in respect of cheapness and efficiency. As we saw when our imaginary broker went into the Home Railway market, a jobber 'made him a price,' that is to say, stated the prices at which he (the jobber) would both buy and sell, without knowing which kind of transaction was to follow. Great Eastern stock was changing hands among the jobbers in the market at  $127\frac{5}{8}$ , and so Robinson hoped that if he bought from Smith at  $127\frac{1}{2}$  or sold to him at  $127\frac{3}{4}$ , he would be able to 'undo' the bargain with a resale or repurchase, leaving himself a small margin for his 'turn.' We also saw that Smith insisted that the margin should be as narrow as possible, and so succeeded in squeezing out another sixteenth for his client. It is obvious that as long as the jobber is ignorant of the broker's intention, and the broker takes care not to leave the jobber more margin than is fair, the public can rely on having its business done as cheaply as can be expected. On the other hand, some jobbers are said to develop an extraordinary power of 'reading' brokers, and discovering by their manner whether they are buyers or sellers; but it may be doubted whether the exercise of this faculty is not a cause of error as often as of profit. A story is told of a jobber who, when a broker approached with a telegram in his hand, and asked for a close price in Louisvilles, replied jocularly, 'I'll make you a sixteenth price [that is a quotation with a margin of only one-sixteenth between the buying and selling price] if you'll show me your wire.' 'Right,' said the broker, and held out the telegram, which only said, 'Close 200 Louisvilles.' The broker, of course, knew how his client's account stood in Louisvilles, and so understood what the order to 'close' meant. But the jobber was none the wiser for having seen the telegram.

It is thus obvious at a glance that the function of the jobber is of considerable use in making the business of buying and selling in stocks and shares both cheap and expeditious. His existence

does, it is true, compel the investor to buy at the higher and sell at the lower quotation contained in the double price of securities; but, under ordinary circumstances, he fully earns his 'turn' by providing a free market and saving the broker the necessity of hunting for another with an order that will suit his own. Unfortunately, circumstances sometimes arise under which the jobber feels justified in refusing to 'make' prices at all, or insists upon an abnormally wide margin. As a rule, this only happens in times of panic, when jobbers fear that they may be landed with lines of stock that they will not be able to resell, except at a considerable loss; at such times they are apt to forget that their ordinary day's work compares, in point of hours and general conditions, very favourably with that of the other professional and mercantile classes, and that when a time of stress comes they have no right to refuse to take the rough with the smooth.

This rather lengthy digression on the subject of the jobber and his duties must be excused, on the ground that he is the distinguishing factor whose existence makes the system of the London Stock Exchange different from that of any other, and brings into being that double quotation which is so often a cause of misunderstanding and complaint on the part of investors. It may be urged that, since other centres of financial activity can dispense with the jobber, he is also unnecessary in London, but it must be remembered that on no other Stock Exchange in the world is anything like the same volume of business transacted, or nearly so great a number of securities quoted and dealt in. The magnitude of London financial business has caused the growth of the jobber, and his existence has reacted on its cause and increased that magnitude. Continental brokers supply their London agents with an ever-increasing volume of business, partly because of the vexatious restrictions and Bourse laws which divert transactions from their natural channel, and, still more, because of the freedom of the market which is created by the existence of a highly specialised intermediary.

Having thus, by means of a painful but necessary divagation, cleared our ideas about jobbers, we may return to the history of the bargain which we saw executed by our imaginary broker, Mr. Smith. Having duly sold the stock, his next care was to have the transaction officially 'marked,' that is, to have the price at which the sale was made included in the official record of 'business done.' This he did, in the first place because Easterns

were a jumpy market, and might, for all he knew, be soaring up to 128 or 129 in half an hour's time; and secondly, because Jones, his client, being very rich and a man of leisure, was in the habit of complaining, whenever he saw a glimpse of an opportunity, that his business had been badly done, and that the prices at which he bought or sold ought to have been at least a quarter or so more in his favour. The record of official 'marks' is at once the happy hunting-ground of, and the broker's protection against, this sort of client. When Jones received his contract note next morning, announcing the sale of this 2,000*l.* Great Eastern stock at  $127\frac{9}{16}$ , he would at once look in his daily paper to see how the price compared with the record, which is always reprinted from the official list. He would find the official marks, perhaps, running  $127\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{3}{8}$ ,  $\frac{9}{16}$ , 8,  $7\frac{7}{8}$ ,  $8\frac{1}{4}$ , &c., and would immediately compose a lengthy epistle to his brokers, acknowledging the receipt of the contract note, and pointing out that business had been done in Great Eastern stock at 128 and  $128\frac{1}{4}$ , and implying that his stock had been thrown away at an absurdly low price, when a little more care and attention on the part of his agents would have secured much better terms. He ignores, of course, all the lower 'marks,' and with natural human frailty commiserates himself and blames his broker because he did not obtain the highest price recorded. Jones, who has a stereotyped form for replying to similar effusions from his clients, reads this letter with a tolerant shrug of his shoulders, mutters, 'Thank goodness I marked that cantankerous beggar's business,' and proceeds to point out that  $127\frac{9}{16}$  is one of the prices included in the official record, that it was the best that could be got for the stock at the time when he executed the bargain, and that if he had waited for a higher level he ran the risk of a fall to 127 in expecting the chance of a rise to 128. This is the only answer that brokers can give to similar complaints, though it often fails to satisfy clients, who expect their brokers not only to get the best price that is to be had at the moment, but to foresee the movements of markets. A moment's reflection would show them that any broker who had such a gift of foresight would not waste it on executing orders for others for a beggarly commission of an eighth or a quarter per cent., but would apply his power of divination to acquiring an easily-earned fortune on his own account.

The bargain which was selected for an example of the working of Stock Exchange mechanism was purposely supposed to be of the

very simplest kind. Such a transaction as the actual sale of real stock is very easily completed. A contract note is sent to the client stating the terms at which the sale was carried out, and deducting the broker's commission and contract stamp from the proceeds. When the settlement, which occurs about once a fortnight, comes round, the name of the actual purchaser of the stock, which may in the meantime have passed through a dozen or twenty hands, or rather books, is supplied to the seller's broker by the clearing-house. A transfer deed is then drawn up, signed and attested, a cheque for the amount is paid by the buyer to the seller, intermediate bargains being settled by the payment of 'differences,' and the transfer of the stock is carried out in the books of the company, which, after many days, sends a certificate to its new shareholder. But when the transaction is not a real sale or purchase, but a merely speculative bargain, the matter becomes at once more complicated and more simple. It is simplified by the fact that there are no transfers to be made out, and no stock to be paid for, but it is complicated by the very elaborate machinery involved by the 'continuation' or 'carrying-over' of a speculative bargain. In the comparatively rare case of a speculator who takes his profits, or cuts his losses, quickly, and does not continue his operations from one account to another, the process is exceedingly simple, as his broker, for example, buys 1,000*l.* 'Bertha' at 176 for him on Monday, sells it again on Friday at 177½, and so when the settlement comes round debits him 1,760*l.*, credits him 1,775*l.*, and sends him a cheque for the difference, deducting commissions and contract stamps. But when once we plunge into the maze of carrying-over into the next account, complications begin to bristle on all sides, and we shall best surmount them with another imaginary concrete example. Our friend Jones sees his way to a mild flutter in District Railway Stock, and buys 5,000*l.*, or 'five Districts' as it would be called, at 30. When the next settlement comes round, the price has fallen to 28½, and Jones, who still believes that he will ultimately be able to sell at a profit, but does not want to lock up money by paying for the stock, instructs his broker to carry over the bargain. Smith accordingly goes either to the jobber from whom he bought, or to some other jobber, or to a broker with 'bear' commitments to carry over or with money to lend, and 'gives on' five Districts. That is to say, he pays a 'continuation rate' to some one who will take the stock up, either



because he is short of it or because he has money to employ in this way, for a consideration. For a further explanation of these terms, so obscure to the general public, I must be allowed to refer to an article in which I endeavoured to throw some light on them in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for May. The essential point of the transaction is that the continuation involves a sale of the stock for the present settlement and a purchase of it for the next, at the same price, which is officially fixed for the continuation of bargains and is called the 'making-up' price. When once this point is grasped it becomes obvious that the continuation or carry-over is a misleading term, since every bargain is completed at the settlement for which it was executed, and instead of being carried over is replaced by a new one. This point is important, as it is the stumbling-block in the way of those who would fain include Stock Exchange speculation within the scope of the Gaming Acts. The 'making-up' price of Districts being  $28\frac{1}{2}$ , Jones will be debited with 1,500*l.* plus the commission for the purchase, and credited with 1,425*l.*, less the commission and 'carry-over' rate, and so will pay 75*l.* odd, the 'difference' against him, and will start afresh for the next account.

A word of explanation may be useful on the subject of the mysterious symbol 'xd,' which often appears after quotations. It is an abbreviation for *ex dividend*, and implies that a dividend recently declared is no longer purchased with the stock. Apart from any such express stipulation, it is obvious that when we buy stock or shares we also buy, although perhaps unconsciously, the right to any dividend that may be declared before we are registered as holders, or may have been recently declared. Investors are often puzzled by this rule, because they do not fully understand it, and consider that they ought to be able to sell their stock on the declaration of a dividend at the high price which the prospect of its immediate payment causes, and still keep the dividend for themselves. If they considered the matter they would see that obviously they must either pay over the dividend to the purchaser of the stock, or else sell at a correspondingly lower price in which the deduction of the dividend has been allowed for. If Mysore shares stand at 5, with a dividend of 2*s.* 6*d.* per share declared, it is evident that, since 2*s.* 6*d.* is one-eighth, the price will be either 5 *cum* dividend—that is, if the buyer purchases the right to the dividend—or  $4\frac{3}{4}$  *ex* dividend. The custom of the Stock Exchange has happily

hit upon the plan of deducting dividends on a stated day, before which all bargains are *cum*, and after which all are *ex* dividend.

It will be observed that this inquiry into the mechanism of the Stock Exchange has treated it as merely a machine for the transaction of investment and speculation on the part of the public, and it is necessary to emphasise the fact that this is the essential cause of its existence, although outside opinion, from Marryat downwards, is inclined to regard it as a huge gambling establishment, in which the members are chiefly employed in operating on their own account. It is of course perfectly true that many, probably most, members of the House generally back their own opinions concerning the future of prices, but this is not part of the legitimate business of either the broker or the jobber. The broker exists to transact the orders of his clients, and the jobber to buy and sell to brokers, covering his bargains in the market. It may happen that the broker finds himself left responsible for the speculative commitments of a defaulting client, or that the jobber is landed with a line of stock that he is unable to sell, or caught short of securities that he cannot buy; but these are exceptional occurrences, and apart from such occasional freaks of fortune, speculation is not only no part of the Stock Exchange member's business, but actually hinders him in its proper fulfilment. A broker with a big 'book' open for the rise or fall is necessarily biassed by it in advising his clients concerning their own operations, and a jobber, in the same circumstances, is more than likely to take fright when the market becomes agitated, and to refuse to 'make prices' and do the work that justifies his existence just at the time when his services are most urgently required.

## A NIGHT IN VENICE.

HAROLD BRAND was a British person of twenty-four, moneyed and cosmopolitan. The way in which he dashed away his hair, which drooped from the parting, was characteristic of him; his blue eyes were quite alert; his blood fresh and brisk. But Woman, somehow, had hitherto engaged little of the interest of his free manhood. She, he guessed, would come; and meantime the bustling world was a keen concern and pleasure to him. Till, on the third day of Carnival, he beheld a chin, white between the draperies of a gondola cabin; and this he followed.

Venice, the mysterious! By Martedì Grasso (Shrove Tuesday) he had already brushed the lips above the chin, and was told that he did it in peril of his life. That was a great carnival-night, the Venetians in wild fête. Gliding eastward he could hear the revelry from the Place of St. Mark, and at eleven was at the old Procurator Palace, where a municipal masquerade was in full gala reel. By twelve he had left the roulette-room, had descended a stairway, and walked on the tufted carpet of a dim corridor. He found himself alone—with her.

Her bosom heaved. Her eyes were like bright, black moons behind her mask.

‘Listen!—I was *foolish*, you see. We cannot speak here. These tassels may be ears—*believe* me——’

To him it was incredible. He was unable to sympathise with her agitation. Yet that chin, the emphasis of these tones, could hardly appertain to one given over to fancies. She posed with one projected slipper, the other hip supporting her palm. He stood admiring the dash and curve of her, the young full figure clasped in a trainless dress of amber silk. A *tabura*, or mantilla of black lace, fluttered from her head.

‘But, Belvidera, I say, do not agitate yourself’—with a tenderness new to his voice; ‘what I had to say is this: they have summoned me back to England—soon. Am I to go alone? If you are beset with dangers, as you say, that is the more reason——’

‘Dangers?’—her fan touched his arm—‘but not to *me*—Harold. It is for *you* I fear—dear. He *dares* not hurt me, you see? His motives for wishing me dead are too *evident*, and there is *law*, isn’t there? . . . But *you*! you cannot *guess* Mauro Bellini’s powers—the number of his sworn emissaries——’

‘Dear love! what emissaries? He can have no power over *me*.’

She whispered, ‘They are members of the *Banda*! He looks upon himself as the last of the old *nobility*, and the design of his life has been the enthronement of himself in the old majesty of the Doges. As it is, he is chief magistrate. Hence the *League*—it includes all classes; he knows that I know of it, and secretly fears me. Guesses that I, too, have friends—servants—I! But you must not think that he will be lightly baulked in his life-work—in his old age—by a whim, as he certainly considers our love—Harold——’

‘But I am innocent of desire to baulk this old boy in anything whatever! Personally, I do not care a rush——’

‘It is all a question of money! you *see*? You know that my wealth is wonderful? Ah, you did not know! It is for myself only, is it not . . . *good* you are! But it is in his hands, dear—till I marry. That by my father’s will, you perceive? Meanwhile I am Mauro Bellini’s niece and ward. My money is his *power*—the power of the *Banda*. My lover is, to him, the deadliest foe of Venice. He will destroy *a thousand* lives, and he *can*, if they interfere with his dream——’

‘But the question is this, Belvidera: in a week, ten days, do you leave Venice, with or without the consent of this old gentleman?’

‘But *yes*, if it is *possible*, without *sacrificing* you! Look there! did you see the tapestry stir? I have much to say to you—at One—meet me—you know the archway near the porch of Santa Maria della Salute——’

The tapestry parted, and a signore in evening dress sauntered toward them. He bowed profusely. Belvidera held up a finger to Brand with a whispered ‘One,’ and walked after the stranger. As Brand ascended once more to the halls, the throng had formed a lane, down which paced an old man, gorgeous in cramoisy velvet. The double line of heads went undulating at his advance, like foliage before a wind. A neighbour whispered Brand that this was Mauro Bellini himself. The candle-light illustrated the thousand puckers of the skinny face, the mouth, whose lips had inclined inward to a crevice; but the bald brow told of mental majesty. Some great priest he seemed more than a civil dignitary. As he passed, his head deliberately turned and directed upon the rosy face of Brand a warning gaze. Brand, surprised, returned the look with a frown of coolest insolence. It was a challenge, and its answer.

Before the stroke of One, behind a turret of Santa Maria, two men lurked. One, a Moor named Ali, a squat ox, with corded

throat and huge jaw ; the other was Ronaldo, the signore of the profuse bow in the corridor.

But Belvidera was again in the corridor, even while the challenge of eyes was being exchanged in the halls above, looking in agonised concern for Brand. Despairing, she darted out into the piazza. She reached the Merceria, down which she sped. In a lane she stopped and uttered a kind of *yodel*: a door opened, and a tall old woman with scattered hair stood shading a lamp. In contrast with her poverty, a diamond glittered on a finger—the gift of Belvidera.

‘Brescia! quick—put that *lamp* down! You have to be at Santa Maria before One!’

‘Yes, signorina.’

‘The Englishman—you know—is in *danger*. I told him to meet me there, and was overheard—I have found out—by Ronaldo. Something is brewing, I know; some plot, something. You must be *there*—before the Inglese. *Watch* for his coming. Say I cannot meet him to-night. Warn him away—force him away, good Brescia—go with him—keep sharp *eyes*, will you? Mauro Bellini has looked at me *queerly* this night. Go! And, Brescia, at two be back with news. I will be here for you.’

Brescia had puffed out the light. She covered her head with her skirt, and walked swiftly away. Her course lay through mazes of narrow *calli*, between balconied houses, multitudes of little bridges. Northward to the Rialto she traversed the desert city, turned then westward and southward. Her intricate way she filled with mutterings; often dropped from her the words, ‘Mauro Bellini.’ She reached Santa Maria before One, and in the deep of the archway crouched.

‘He is come!’ whispered the black, running behind the abutment.

‘On foot?’ said Ronaldo.

‘Yes, signore; I heard the step.’

‘Sure?’

‘It is the Inglese, signore; I heard the step—the step of a young man.’

‘Give me that, then.’

He took from the Moor’s hand a knife, and glided out. His cloaked spectre-stalk in a moment was doubling round the opening, before ever Brescia could dream that death was upon her. Suddenly, in the night, a cry. Ronaldo, conscious of a human form in the gloom, and of nothing more, hurried off. Round the

quay-corner lolled a gondola. He plunged into the cabin, whistled, and Ali was at the oar.

Two minutes afterwards Brand arrived, and bade his two *barcarolli* await him. Had she come? He peered into the archway and saw nothing; heard, however, a groan; and tumbled upon his hands over Brescia. 'What the mischief——,' he began to say; then, realising a claim upon his help, half-lifted the body toward the opening. There was no moon, but the vault was rich with glories. As he noticed the slit throat, the old dame, leaning heavy upon him, began to mumble. He bent to hear what he took to be only the ravings of death. 'Mauro Bellini—he hurt my life—a girl—a poor young thing. Then he shut me up in the cells—ah, years. Now—he kills me. Tell him—who are you?—ah, if I could be the death of him—yet; I, Brescia. I would trouble—end him—somehow—ah!' She stiffened suddenly. Brand said, 'She's dead, I suppose,' and at the same time noticed his bosom, his hands, all red. A measured tread startled him. Glancing, he beheld three of a cordon of the city *sbirri*, on their nightly rounds, approach. The quick thought of the blood on him, of Continental-official over-zeal, a night in the dungeons, flashed upon him, and with a 'No, thank you!' he gently posited the body and took to running. Half-laughing—at first; in two minutes not laughing. The men were after him. Brand had no notion whither he went. The narrow *calli* of Venice are slab-paved, without *trottoirs*; a runner resounds upon them, guiding his pursuer. They twist and double infinitely, with tiny bridges everywhere. Brand's heels went flying down every turning he met; his rage to be free grew into a very *furore* of action. But his pursuers, intimate with the labyrinth, were quite his equals. One especially gained surely upon him. At last, on a low quay, hearing the near foot-beats round a corner, he pitched down three steps, and seizing an iron ring in the wall, let himself into the water to the neck. Here was a patch of deepest shadow. One of the *sbirri*, dashing forth now to the water's edge, halted astonished, and began to seek him.

Half an hour before, Mauro Bellini walked alone in a spacious oval apartment of his Residential Palazzo. The columned chamber was stately with classic chiselling. His hands were behind him, the ample sleeves ending tight at the wrist with the fine lace called *merletu*. Outside, at each of the seven doors, waited a man behind the hangings. Presently one entered. The noiseless walk ceased, and the rheumy, bleared eyes glanced at the words of a

note: 'The affair of Brand is ended. He lies, for the present, where you know.'

'Where is the lady Belvidera?' His voice was deep, contrasting with the senility of the hollow cheeks.

'She is not in the palace, Eccellenza.'

'I know. But *where* is she?'

'I cannot tell you, Eccellenza.'

'Send me Dandolo.'

He resumed his walk, till Dandolo, a big swaggerer, with curly hair, one-armed, in a velvet jacket, stood by him.

'Who knows the whereabouts of the signorina Belvidera?'

'Orseolo, Sebastian, and Marco, sir.'

'Where is she?'

'I cannot tell you. Sebastian should be here when there is anything to report.'

'Send me Antonello.'

He resumed his walk, till Antonello, rat-faced, diminutive, timid, of the lower orders and a waterman, stood by him. He walked to a central table beneath the dim light, from a pile of official forms selected a sheet, and held it up, reading through a magnifying glass.

'It appears, Antonello'—he spoke with strong distinctness—'that a pauper lunatic at the Asylum of San Giorgio is lately dead. You comprehend?'

Antonello ducked, nervously obsequious.

'I see by this form that a relative has been persuaded to undertake the burial, the city providing, as usual, a leaden shell. No name appears here, or address; he is doubtless of the lowest rabble; but all that one learns at the asylum itself. I hope you follow me. The number, however, by which the lunatic is known is L, 385. Say L, 3, 8, 5.'

'L, 3, 8, 5,' repeated Antonello.

'Very good. Is there now at the water-gate a swift gondola not in use?'

'One only, Eccellenza. It is the signorina Belvidera's.'

'That will do. Take it; and with you take this signed authority for the delivery of the body of No. L, 3, 8, 5. You will obtain the address of his relative, and to that address you will convey the remains.'

Antonello commenced to retire backwards.

'Stop! Do I remember rightly, Antonello, that you have been employed in the craft of gondola-building?'



‘Yes, Eccellenza.’

‘Then, I take it, you are quite capable of driving a neat, straight nail?’

‘Oh, yes, sir.’

‘Then, as you descend, go to Geronimo, who will supply you with some sharp long nails and a hammer; also some masses of lead; and twine. These take with you. The coffin given to you will, as usual, be closed with a sliding lid, which, I think, you will find only loosely screwed. When in the middle of the Giudecca you will draw the lid, you will securely attach the weighty masses to the body, and you will consign it to the waters. I think you comprehend me.’

‘Right, Eccellenza!’

‘I may as well tell you something of my reasons, Antonello—with a slight toss-out of the hand. ‘A poor youth has been—killed—in a quarrel; and it is to the interests of the Banda that the body be surely secreted. Cast into the canal there is a small chance that it may some day confront us bearing its wounds. In the case of 3, 8, 5, there are no such marks, and he, discovered, would be unknown. I propose, then, to have the slain youth buried according to due and ordinary forms. You will therefore lay the corpse which you will find under the archway of Santa Maria della Salute in the lunatic’s shell, *nail* the lid, and convey it to the lodging of the person undertaking burial. A man of his class will little desire, I think, to look upon the long-disregarded lunatic; and even so, your nails, I hope, will have placed such an attempt well beyond his convenience. Be sure, then, Antonello—and swift.’

In ten minutes Antonello was hasting toward the islet of San Giorgio; in thirty, on the Giudecca, he had dragged the body from its shell—a mere oblong box, not coffin-shaped. He stood in the lampless cabin staring at it.

‘Body of the Madonna!’ he whispered; ‘but he is blacker than an ebon Christ!’

Then he had a thought which tickled him.

‘It is that dog of an Ali’s father!—ho! he *did*, I think, have a father in the asylum, the black! Well, but the house I am going to must be his Excellency’s Red Palazzo, then!’

He struck a match, and looked at the slip received at the asylum gate. On it, in truth, was the name of Ali, and the address of the Red Palace. This was one of the three mansions

of the Bellini, an Oriental-Gothic pile, very ancient. It had long stood darksome and empty, save that Ali and some few of Bellini's henchmen used it as a sleeping-place.

In a few minutes the weighted body rolled over and disappeared like a pillar of stiffness into the waters, sending up a belch of phosphorescences; in a few more Antonello was bending over Brescia.

'But is *this* the poor youth,' he said wonderingly, 'that his Excellency spoke of? . . . Or was that his Excellency's playful way of talking merely? Yes, he is cautious!' A knowing finger went to his undulating nose. 'His Excellency does not blab every meaning as a bungler would; one must put-together his hints—and obey!'

But he took the precaution to search the vault, and finding nothing, bore the body to the shell. The diamonded finger caught his eye: he stooped to it; hesitated nervously; and covered the coffin. At the prow there was laughter when he told the gondoliers of Ali's white female father; and they set out. A few yards forward, behind an angle, lay Brand's gondola; a few yards behind, the empty gondola of the *sbirri*.

At this time Brand was again in flight. The *sbirri* had stood over him at the waterside, but failing to see him, ran further. He clung to the ring until a shivering seized him; ran then once more, trying to steer his guessed way backward to his bark. He at length reached a clear space near the quay, and had hardly recognised it, when, close behind him, the cry, 'There he is!' He forced an agony of urgency into his legs. Rushing upon his deck, he whispered his men to toil for life, and plunged into the cabin amidships. But as the gondola moved out, he could see the *sbirri* wildly oaring after him.

Antonello, bending over the coffin, with one Venetian blind drawn up, was hardly ten yards ahead. The man had closed the shell; nail and hammer were in his hand; when the temptation of the diamond again overcame him. He feared—the little rat-eyes winked. He was a person of keen nervousity, all tremors, believing in the omniscience of his Excellency, and the matter of the diamond formed no part of his instructions. If he should be discovered to have presumed, transgressed? Most stealthily he slid the lid footward a little. Then the thought came to him that the body dropped into the water would remove all possible discovery of the theft; he drew it out a little to a half-sitting position, and considered. Just then the bark passed under a

lamplight, and Brand, now close behind, recognised as he peered forth the luxurious gondola of Belvidera, its liveried cabin of purple and gold. Antonello, too, the diamond in his hand, had leered out and seen the two apparently pursuing boats. In a guilty trepidancy he ran stooping forward, bidding the gondolieri fly in his Excellency's name. As for Brand, his heart went hurrying with a thousand doubts. If she was there? in trouble, danger? why did she fly? what did she here and now? If he could secretly board her, would it not mean safety for *him*? He crept sternward, and urged his men with rich promises to catch the boat in front, a double trembling of eagerness in him at the peril behind, at the promise before. The three slender barks, light as life, went darting like swifts over the troubled water.

Venice, the Silent! the Sahara of Beauty! The Canalazzo was empty; only far yonder in the dark a gondola-lamp might shoot an instant, quenched in the flood, as meteors vanish in the void. Past pallid old palaces they sped, piles of Oriental glory rich with gold and colours, with pinnacle and cupola and arcade; where the lamps threw long streams of dusky crimson on the black water, while to the phosphoric dash of the oars wide behind them wavered their wake to its lazy slap upon the marble of stairway, or column, or façade; and around then, reaching to the ancient stars, an utter lonesomeness and hush of gloom, save where, at a turning, a gondolier sent warning of his coming in strange, lugubrious wail. The foremost boat had gone curving, like a creature of life, into a complexity of narrow channels totally dark, except where a rare corner lamp streamed out upon the waves. Near one of these, Brand, crouching ready at his prow, leapt lightly upon the poop near him, while Antonello, who had been cringing behind the cabin, at once slid at the slight concussion, diamond in hand, in mortal fear, into the water. Brand was hid by the hearse-shape of the cabin from the front gondolieri, but his own men, watching for his leap, stopped, and were overtaken by the *shirri*. He, meanwhile, had slipped into the cabin of Belvidera; he could barely discern the half-recumbent form, and murmuring, 'Why, love, in the name of all that is——' impetuously stooped forward. He shrank with an 'ah . . .,' cowering. That body again—and here in Belvidera's boat! The thought that she might be implicated ever so little in the dark deeds of her uncle made him sick; he spat out the suspicion. But how came this thing *here*? Much time was not given him

for questionings; the gondola was then darting past a brown Moorish-looking pile, without openings in its frontage, save one row of windows near the roof. The mansion stood at a corner, round which the gondola shot, and stopped at a side portal. Brand, springing up, found himself confronted with three men at the lighted doorway, and with the two gondolieri, come to the cabin to help Antonello with the coffin. They stared amazed at him. One raised the cry:

‘Why, he is a foreigner! He has murdered little Antonello—see there, the blood on him—and thrown him into the water!’

‘You idiots!’ Brand began, but stopped, seeing a signore appear at the doorway whom he recognised. It was Ronaldo, come hither after the murder of Brescia. Ronaldo started at the sudden apparition of Brand; but instantly calm, whispered to the others. They advanced, and with a rush, pulled Brand to the landing-stage. His British fists went flying, but by the time the scuffle reached the doorway he was on his face, his arms, to the elbows, bound behind him by a cord, procured by Ronaldo. They dragged him to a near apartment, and left him behind the lock.

The two gondolieri, meanwhile, had entered the cabin, resettled Brescia, hurriedly pushed the lid to its place, and struggled with the burden to Ali’s quarters, a room near the palace-top. As they re-entered the gondola, Ronaldo handed them a note.

At half-past two, Mauro Bellini, still pacing, stopped to read this note: Brand was alive, but bound, in his power, at the Red Palace; and Ronaldo awaited instructions. The sere face flushed with rage. ‘These dull slaves!’ he muttered. A mistake—a miscarried scheme; it stirred his angriest contempt. Agitated with passion, he scribbled, ‘The Torture of Fear till four; then I will myself come to the palace.’

Half-past two! and Belvidera pale, with tight lips, waited inside Brescia’s door, palm on supple hip, watching. ‘She does not come,’ she said. Then—all wit and energy—she slid out, ran, and at a dark water-side stepped into a hired gondola. She reached the archway of Santa Maria, and saw blood. Hers or *his*? She leaned faint; then, with her forward high-heeled step, re-entered the boat, and made for Brand’s hotel. Not there! ‘I must *find* him,’ she said.

She stood later in a squalid apartment, before her a hump-backed man.

‘You must *find* him, Paul. You have *wit* enough, I should think.’

The bent head nodded. In the man's eyes was worship—the worship of a lover.

‘He is *dead*, or in great *danger*, you see, Paul. Send out all my friends, and yours; let them search everything, the *secret* of every one. I am going to the Palazzo Calvo, where I shall be alone, waiting. Send every one to me with *news*. I will do anything for you—anything, really—I promise, Paul—if you succeed.’

In twenty minutes twenty men, with intricate intrigue, were dissecting Venice for Brand.

But the Torture of Fear! it was an ordeal stern enough. Brand, seeing resistance foolish, walked, as bidden, with perfect contempt, before three men from his prison to the topmost floor. He was locked into a very large chamber, circular, lit by a mean lamp. It contained one of the frontage-windows looking out upon the water-way; this was paned with a single pane, flush with the wall. The wall seemed to be of tarnished brass. On the grimy floor he noticed three old boots and a wine-bottle. Near the door—the only sign of furniture—a mattress; and on them, once more, Brescia's coffin. It was the apartment used by Ali, one of the old torture-chambers of the Inquisition.

He became aware of a clicking somewhere—above him it seemed—and glancing, he saw that all over the domed ceiling was a multitude of oblong slits, little black openings, cut in all directions; then, that something hanging by strings in each of these holes was moving; slowly; to and fro—like pendulums. A pang, he knew not why, pierced him. In ten minutes he knew why—a faint *whizzing* filled the air. He discerned that the strings, as they swung, were lengthening: that the things they swung were massive leaden balls. His blood stopped still; it was a dog's death, and so slow. He stood with backward head, gazing up with horrid interest at the nearing masses, deliberate as fate, at their intensifying sweep and rush; legion they seemed, flying every way, yet nicely systematised, so that not one bumped another. It was an age of misery before he dodged the first; the chamber was then a very bedlam of hissing death; and in another minute Brand was ducking, darting, dodging, with bound arms, with the agility of a clown, with a maniac's starting eyeballs, from the complex, omnipresent malice of the racing lead.

Belvidera, in an apartment of the Palazzo Calvo, was receiving messenger after messenger, announcing the failure of their search.

Suddenly, as he lay fallen on his face awaiting the crash of death, the hissing ceased—a rumbling sound—and the balls went

rapidly aloft. For some time he lay gasping; but presently started up in surprise. He had noticed that the bottom of the brazen wall was pierced all round with a series of arches, and he now discerned that under each of these, far within the thickness of the wall, stood a mastiff of brass, on a low brazen base. At a *crouling* sound around him he sprang straight—it was like the winding of a thousand clock-works—and the next minute he was encompassed by a deep growl of angry hounds. From every archway, save the three by Ali's bed, out rushed, at the end of a brazen rod, a snapping dog. The tiny wheels upon which their bases ran had been cunningly adapted to the material of the flooring to exactly imitate a wolfish grumble. Forth they rushed a little way, and back, then further forth, and back, with continuous deepening growl, with snapping, far-outslanting brazen teeth. This once favourite torture of the Inquisitors was not unknown to Brand; his reading led him to remember the room's central spot, with hope that *there* might be safety; but he now observed that the dogs did not run symmetrically toward the centre, their race being directed about the chamber in a calculated disorder of wild complexity. They were of many sizes, the teeth of some reaching to his middle; caught, his nether limbs must be rent to fragments. He thought of falling to the ground, and instantly remembered that he must be at once banged to death by the frantic masses. A last hope turned to the bed, but his retreat was now barred; some had already rushed across the central point; and he, with gasping mouth, was spurning and leaping, armless, quite mad, over, among, around them. The world seemed full of the blind and dreadful teeth, of the roll and roar of this brazen rabies. In a dodge from the right, there was a snatch of flesh at his left thigh; and he dropped swooning among the hounds.

At half-past three, Belvidera was hasting from the Calvo to the Residential Palazzo, another gondola following hers, containing seven men with weapons. Her emissaries had failed. From an ante-room she sent a request to see Bellini.

The old man summoned Dandolo, whispered hurriedly, and aloud bade him admit the signorina.

She, in her amber dress, still masked, walked with brisk step to the table, placed one palm upon it, the other at her clean-curved waist, and said:

'Mauro Bellini—the Englishman, Brand!'

The shapeless eyes looked up in mild fatherliness upon her.

'Am I to take this as an open defiance, then?' he said.

'As you like.'

'It is the first time, Belvidera.'

'Is there not *cause*?'

'You must not suppose, my child, that you can defy me with impunity.'

'You think I *care*? The Englishman, Brand—tell me where he is, or by to-morrow, sunset, the whole world knows of—the *Banda*.'

'That is a vain threat, my child. But I will tell you, if you like.'

'I *like*, of course.'

'You may regret it if I tell you.'

'You fancy I *care*, Uncle? There is not a *thing* in this whole world I care for, but him. So you *know* now. I will ruin you, and Venice, and I care not what, if you dare harm him. Tell me, will you, *where* he is?'

The table-hand shifted to her hip, and the hip-hand to the table.

'You really wish, then, to know?'

'I *wish*, decidedly.'

'I will tell you; but you may accept my assurance that you will regret it.'

'You are not *trifling* with me, surely? Tell me at *once*!'

'He is in the chamber of the Torture of Fear at the Palazzo Rosso.'

Her hands met, wringing.

'On your honour that?'

'Yes.'

Without a word she walked to the door of her entrance. Bellini twice struck a bell at his hand. Belvidera found the door fastened. Five of the other six she found fastened; the sixth opened upon a corridor leading to Bellini's chamber, from which there was no egress.

'I am a *prisoner*, then?' she cried.

Bellini, perusing a document, did not answer. He presently walked toward his chamber, to prepare for his visit to the Red Palace. It was nearly four. Belvidera had cast herself, sobbing, upon a couch.

Brand stirred from swoon to find himself ragged and bleeding; but the dogs had retired to kennel. Some new sound it was



which had stabbed his sleep with a new Fear. He was worn now with the long woe; but he bent the intense ear of old misers listening to the creakings of the midnight thief at a clanking sound—from beneath; and at the same time caught sight of a black space in the flooring. He sprang horrified. The whole flooring, he now observed, was composed, not of straight planks, but of broad rings, each made up of several pieces. It was these pieces which he now beheld sharply dropping, one by one, at irregular intervals, out of sight; then deliberately rising again on concealed hinges. Gradually their movement became rapid, incalculable: here, then yonder, then here again, in endless permutation, yawned the sudden patch of black. Brand began a mad jig from ring to ring, from piece to piece. He trod upon terror—every nerve strained to detect the first sign of yielding beneath his feet—the veins swollen on his dripping brow. But the coffin! Suddenly he remembered that *it* probably lay safe on two consecutive rafters. He made a frantic rush for it, and fell, convulsed, upon the lid.

Here, after a time, he began to think. Was death, or only torture, intended him by these horrors? If death, that could have been effected long since. Probably, then, only torture—to be followed later by death. But at whose hands? He recalled Bellini's glance at the Procurazie masque, with the intuition that Bellini himself, in the triumph of his malice, would certainly visit him. And then, his forehead resting on the coffin, he began to think of Brescia's dying words—that Bellini had killed her—her prayer that she might 'trouble' and 'end' him. Raising himself, he saw that the droppings had ceased, but that one patch, by some hitch, still gaped near the door. The sight gave him a thought, a hope, half superstitious, his last. His back to the coffin, he inserted his free fingers into the notch of the lid, and drew it somewhat. In his extremity he had the distinct hope that the feeble old man, suddenly confronted with the spectacle of his victim, would step backward upon destruction. He retired to the farthest part of the room and waited.

It was past four. Belvidera did not long lie sobbing. She lifted her eyes, saw the room empty, and began to pace. 'Am I such an *idiot*—born like that?' she said. 'Can I do *nothing*?' Suddenly she was a swift roe in the room. She had noticed on a chair Bellini's discarded red robe, his four-cornered cap. She leapt to the table, found a scissors, and with it clipped the fringe

from an antimacassar. Her mask and mantilla she cast away. At a mirror, around her hair she ranged with admirable swift art the white fringe under the cap. She draped herself in the robe, touched a bell, and retired to the remotest shades. Some one entered. With half-turned head she said carelessly, in the very voice of Bellini:

‘The signorina has retired to my chamber; you may now unfasten the doors, Dandolo.’

In a minute she was flying through the palace toward the watergate; in a minute Bellini, returning ready, had discovered her *ruse*, and with a stamp of rage bid five men follow him. As the pinnacles of Venice chimed out the quarter-past four, the three gondolas, Belvidera first in her hired bark, her seven next, Bellini in urgent wrath behind, went skimming and churning in wildest chase over the whitening Canalazzo.

Brand, crouching in the obscurity, heard a footstep without. Was it Bellini? His teeth went chattering. The massive lock turned; some one entered, lurched, staggered on the edge of the abyss, and fell. Sputtering oaths, he rescued himself, clinging to the other side. He stood up, staring in stupid wonderment at the hole. ‘What’s all *this*?’ he growled. Brand saw a huge curly head, a black face: the Moor returned to bed from the wine-shop, drunk. He stood, a squat bulk, swaying on his bow-legs, with eyes straining to be open.

Soon he noticed the coffin with its drawn lid on the bed.

‘Hullo!’ he grumbled, ‘are *you* my cursed father, then? That’s all right!’

Then, after sage reflection, with pointed finger: ‘But *you* are not my cursed father! Do they grow so pale then?—with long hair. . .’

He came nearer, and looked. His arms went a-kimbo, and he began to shake with merriment.

‘O, ho, ho!—he’s white! Poor boy’s gone white! Is that the way they do, then. . .’

Suddenly he was serious, then gradually angry.

‘Now, look you,’ he said to Brescia, ‘I want no fathers here; besides, *you* are not my cursed father—’

And now, his under-jaw grinning murderously against his upper lip:

‘Here! get out of this, you——’ he cried; ‘where do you think I am to sleep, hey?’ and with a dive he had the shell clasped

in his arms. 'Out, I tell you——' Staggering, he reached the window, and his burden went crashing through the glass.

With it went Brand's last hope.

At the same moment Belvidera rushed in, looking wildly round. She sighted Brand, pounced upon him, dragged him forth.

'Quick!—ah, so *weak*? He will be here instantly, meaning nothing but death——'

Out in the corridors there were noises—echoes of shoutings, of hurrying feet about the house.

'They are after us—you *hear*?—oh, for Heaven's sake——'

As fast as he could he ran by her side, ragged and bloody, still armless, through a large number of dark halls, down stairways, breathless, on a devious way determined by her. She seemed to know the place minutely. But in a passage they heard a tramping of feet right in their course. She stopped, baffled; turned back; in her hunted dismay ran down a side-corridor, another, another, and lost her way. The feet seemed to follow. 'Quick! in *here*, then!' she gasped. They slid through an open door into a room. She did not know it, but it was the chief room of the mansion, containing a draped bed, on which Doges of Venice had slept. The feet approached, approached. She sprang to the door; felt for the touch of metal; bolted it. The feet approached, approached—they stopped without the door. 'Oh, I will *die* with you!' she whispered. They on the outside tried the handle—there seemed to be a talk and consultation—and several shoulders went urging at the door. The woodwork strained, ripped, flew inward; the room was flooded with lamp-light borne by several hands. Brand and Belvidera stood at bay in the centre.

But the crowd of men only glanced at them, without further notice. Their faces were very grave.

'Lay him on the bed,' said Ronaldo; 'it is the only decent one in the place.'

Three of them shuffled toward the bed, bearing a body. The face and head was a mere crush and unsightliness. It was the old man, Mauro Bellini, brought to this by Brescia and her coffin, which, as he passed in chase beneath the palace window, had crashed through his cabin upon him.

Belvidera's face lay hidden upon the bosom of Brand. Later, as they glided together from the Red Palace, lo, morning was in heaven, and on the waters.

M. P. SHIEL.

## PELOTA.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the game of 'pelota' in Spain and Spanish countries is, in the skill of the players and the enthusiasm it evokes in the spectators, much on a par with professional football in Great Britain. Still, the comparison will suggest itself. There is in Spain a 'pelota' press, just as in England, during the winter months, we are assailed by numerous flimsy sheets assuming to quicken our interest in Rugby and Association football. 'Pelota,' too, is a game in which the amateur with only spare moments on his hands has no chance against the professional. One reads in the Spanish journals now and then some such paragraph as this: 'On Thursday there took place in the "fronton" Euskal Jai of Madrid a notable game between the aristocratic and well-known devotees of "pelota," Messieurs B. and F. and the Marquis of E. and Mr. G. The doors were closed to the general public. The former couple won by twelve points.' One may guess that, though the friends of these amateurs enjoyed themselves, and were willing to risk money on them, the 'pelota' public would not have found the same pleasure in the game, and would by no means have been so eager to bet as they are at the regular duels between accredited professionals whom they know, so to speak, from toe to scalp.

Like other pastimes, 'pelota' has acquired a goodly terminology. For the present it may suffice to say that the 'fronton' is strictly the couple of walls necessary for the game: the side wall, that may be as many as eighty yards long, and the playing wall proper, at right angles to it, and somewhat less than half its length, both walls being about twelve yards high. There is hardly a country town in Spain without a miniature 'fronton.' In the upland wilds of Old Castille, where the villages are just mud hovels, extremely well baked by the sun, this couple of walls may be discovered in the outskirts, with perhaps a stone tablet let into the mud bricks, telling of the date when this majestic erection was raised. Here the youths of the place enjoy almost their sole form of honest muscular sport. They do not use the cestus like downright 'pelotaris'; and of course in other respects their arena is deficient. You would think they were playing fives, and nothing else. Yet they are in reality all emulating more or less the renowned players of Madrid, Bilbao,

and Barcelona, whose names are household words, and who, ere they are five-and-twenty, may hope to be welcomed with tumultuous cheers in Mexico and Buenos Ayres, and to possess, say, a couple of hundred thousand pesetas as savings, more or less lawful, on their exhibition games. The Spanish youth has a passion for the ball. This explains the many notices on convent and church walls, of a seducingly blank kind, warning him that if he plays 'pelota' against the consecrated bricks he will be fined as much as two pesetas. But he often defies holy church and the police, nevertheless.

Madrid has three or four 'frontones,' and the company that runs them does so well that it is likely to build others. Daily in the summer, at half-past four in the afternoon, you may go to this or that hall, and see at least one stern game of fifty up. The bill before me while I write intimates that on May 29, 1896, there will, in the 'Fronton Jai-Alai, take place a great game between the famous players Pedro Legarrigartu (Mondragon) and Vicente Aguirre (reds) against José Sarasua and Luis Araquistain (blues).' Pray mark the names here. They remind us of an interesting fact—namely, that the Basques are quite at the top of the tree as professional 'pelotaris.'

This is just as it ought to be. Apart from the exceptional encouragement in athletic exercises they receive from the climate in their highland nooks, the modern game of 'pelota' with the cestus was born in their midst—across the frontier, to be precise, in Ascaïn. From France it speedily ran into Spain, the Basques even nowadays caring as little for territorial boundaries as for kings and queens. Its inventor, one Lacarra, made a fortune, and has helped others to fortunes, and yet others to beggary. Long before the game got applied for exhibition purposes, and the stout Basque peasants to their astonishment saw extraordinary careers of emolument open for their accomplished little ball-players of sons, it was accepted in the Pyrenees as merely a local happy method of defeating *ennui*. I am sorry to add that quite early the mountaineers discovered that it was a game excellently adapted for speculative purposes. Madrid and Buenos Ayres, in staking and financing their thousands of dollars in an afternoon on the duel between four players, do but follow the lead in this matter of these thick-set rustics with the incomprehensible *patois*. The Basque clergy, we are told, were as keen on betting at 'pelota' as any of their flock; many of them being themselves skilful players. 'They never missed a game, although this

necessitated long and wearisome journeys, in which they were generally accompanied by the greater part of their parishioners; for in those days a "pelota" match, like a provincial bull-fight now, was an event that excited an entire district.' While approving this ardour of the Church for sport's sake, one can only hope the different parish priests laid down hard-and-fast laws about a maximum of pesetas to be risked. Else, it is difficult not to suppose that the homeward journeys of the enthusiasts after a game were often more sensational than pacific and pleasant.

One thing it is excusable to conjecture about. *The* sad feature of 'pelota,' as now played in Spain, is the admitted crookedness of certain of the players; not a large percentage, indeed, but quite large enough to abate one's interest in the exhibition games. When did this vice creep into 'pelota'—before or only after its transplantation from the breezy uplands, with their chestnut woods and sliding meadows, into the midst of crowded cities, where cheating and chicane run rampant? The power of the parish priest in such sequestered spots as the Basque villages is immense, and he, like the rest of us, has his weak and lamentable moments. However, this is merely irrelevant trifling, and deserves consideration only as such.

And now let us see how 'pelota' is played, and under what spectacular conditions, in the year of grace 1896. The Fronton Jai-Alai, near the Botanical Gardens of Madrid, will serve our purpose as the field of play.

By a quarter-past four in the summer afternoon there will be perhaps a thousand persons assembled in this tasteful building of bricks, iron, and glass. The playing-ground occupies a longitudinal half of the enclosed and roofed space. The other half is devoted to boxes arranged amphitheatrically, a sort of pit space under the lowest of the tiers and a number of chairs which in successive rows approach perilously near to the line which marks the limit of the players' territory. There is, of course, a refreshment-room, where you need not pay more than a penny for a glass of fair red or white wine. But it does not obtrude itself. The same cannot be said of the score or so of servants of the company that runs the hall. These men are busy with their note-books several minutes before the players begin. They are, be it said, only intermediaries. They do not establish the odds, but merely echo those whispered or shouted to them by their patrons the public. It is for other members of the public to accept these bets or refuse them. The settlements are effected afterwards, when

the administration deducts a commission of four per cent. from the moneys won. It is this commission, added to the entrance money, that pays the players, and also puts dividends into the pockets of the shareholders of the company.

The noise is not very great at the outset unless one side of the players is considered markedly superior to the other, when the eagerness to get on the favourites at even money is frantic. One of the 'pelotaris' may be a man new to Madrid; fresh from America or the Pyrenees. The practice movements of the players have to be studied. The couple of gentlemen who act as judges and sit in most danger of a blow from the four-ounce ball of rubber and leather have not yet given the signal to begin. The ball itself has to be tested and chosen by a player of either side. Nor does it follow that with the greatest skill on one side opposed to mediocre talent on the other the former side will win; the apparent physical condition of the players in so exacting an exercise has to be calculated. It is better to say nothing about the reports that may or may not be murmured confidentially as to the weakness of conscience of this or that player of the four. This knowledge will not, at any rate, be for the general public.

The players look very cool at first in their white shirts and trousers and white shoes. They are girt at the waist by sashes of their respective colours. But it is the cestus or sickle-shaped basket-work gauntlet, one of which covers each forearm to the finger-tips, that most attracts the stranger's notice. It seems rather a clumsy object; less safe for play than the naked hand. In a little while, however, one learns otherwise. There is a glove for the fingers outside the fabric, but it is the arm and not the hand that bears the burden of the day. 'Pelota' used to be played with the hand, naked or gloved, or with a club. Opinion in Spain is not altogether unanimous in praising the cestus as the best possible development from the old and simpler methods. But there can be no doubt about its superiority for spectacular purposes. No hand, naked or gloved, could stand the shocks accepted freely by the cestus, or volley those terrific returns that make the public duck their heads and hold their breath when, as often happens, the ball flies at a tangent among the chairs of the 'pelota' patrons. The cestus has brought the element of danger into the game. This also may be reckoned a point in its favour.

The playing-walls are of the dimensions already mentioned. The one facing the players has a rib of metal along it about a yard from the cemented pavement or playing field. It has also



another some 34 or 35 feet high, and the same limit of height is marked on the longitudinal wall opposite the spectators. A ball is only in play when it hits the one wall between these two lines, and the other (by rebound or on its way to the front wall) below the prescribed limit of height.

The cemented arena (if the phrase may be pardoned) is marked off by lines at regular distances of about four yards. There may be fifteen or there may be twenty of these divisions, according to the size of the 'fronton.' The cestus has such prodigious power over the ball that the tendency is for 'frontones' to increase in size. At present, however, a length of about sixty-four yards from wall to wall is the average. Of the divisional spaces, those from four to seven have a special importance. The ball, when first played at the beginning of the game and after each fault (when the opposing side scores a point), must drop from the front wall between the fourth space and the seventh. The starter's position is generally half-way between the seventh and the eighth space. These regulations are of course to deprive the starting side of some of the inordinate advantage they would otherwise possess. With each round of the game the sides renew their battle on the like conditions.

Still, that the start aids the starting side may soon be apparent. It would be wearisome here fully to describe the various ways of playing the ball. There is, for instance, the 'cruzado,' the 'pared chica,' 'carambola,' 'dos paredes,' &c. The 'cruzado' is a hard, low delivery, so that the ball strikes the front wall just above the metal line and rebounds towards the longitudinal wall, touching this at a very awkward angle. The nature of the other 'saques' may perhaps be imagined, once the scheme of the 'fronton' has been grasped. Books have been written on 'pelota' with somewhat terrifying charts of the mathematical principles that underly it. One need not, however, suppose that our young friends the reds and blues in the arena have gone through academic courses to get at the secrets of the game. Practice and their native highland wit teach them all that they require in this matter.

Once fairly in swing, the game proceeds with great briskness. The ball flies from the principal wall at terrific speed, high, low, near and far, and all four players have to keep their faculties in good working order. To the novice perhaps the most formidable returns are those which strike the front wall with such force and so high that they rebound all the length of the hall and hit the opposite wall, falling therefrom against the longitudinal wall and

so to the arena. It seems impossible for the 'back,' whose office it is, duly to take such a ball and return it. But in fact these balls are not so difficult as they look. Our friend the back has a pretty trick of catching them in his cestus, holding them for a second or two while he collects his strength, and then slinging them off with extraordinary accuracy. It seems so desperately wearying to him also when he is kept at this sort of thing half a dozen times or more in succession, while his colleague, the forward, stands idle. But the latter is only awaiting his opportunity. He is, in four cases out of five, the master mind. The opposing player gives him his chance at last. He takes the ball before it touches the ground, and, with an express overarm stroke, returns it with a subtle inclination towards the low metal rib of the 'fronton.' The cheers from the populace and the subsequent pause in the game tell of his success. His side is one point more up towards the fifty of the match. The 'forward' in 'pelota' is the controlling player of the two. He takes only the balls he pleases to take. His colleague must do, or try to do, what he declines.

A tennis player will readily understand the kind of strokes that are popular with the 'pelota' player and the public, who take delight chiefly in the effective, and only secondarily in strokes that are showy but unsafe. The 'pelota' player volleys, returns overhead, underhand, with arm at full stretch and half bent, much like the tennis player. There is, however, one kind of stroke seen in the 'frontones' that is not often seen on English lawns. This is a return with the back towards the wall or goal aimed at. Brought off from the far end of the hall, either overhead or underhand, it excites rapture. Yet conceivably it is only about half as clever as it looks.

What one admires as much as anything in this exhibition 'pelota' is the fine stamina of the men. They are not necessarily herculean to the eye. Some seem too stout and some too small. But they stand the strain of this eighty or ninety minutes' very violent exercise with wonderful ease on the whole. It is permissible for a player to rest three minutes now and then after a vigorous and protracted exchange. They use their privilege in this particular about twice in an afternoon. But many require no rest at all.

It is, of course, wholly an affair of training. When we know that Angel Bilbao, or the Chiquito of Abando, to give him his popular name, aroused admiration in America as a player when only eleven years old, one is not surprised that at nineteen he

should be able to toss about this small cannon-ball for an hour or more without fatigue.

In the 'fronton' of Jai-Alai, where the longitudinal wall is to the left of the chief playing-wall, one sees more left-handed play than right-handed play, though both hands wear the cestus. But presumably where the spectators in the 'fronton' occupy the left side of the arena, the right arm would be most called upon. For it must be remembered that much of the delicacy of play in 'pelota' depends upon the wall at right angles to the front wall. A long straight stroke where the ball is destined to return skimming the wall so closely that the opponent may be baulked in his attempt to take it is feasible enough with the left arm where the wall is to the left; but hardly possible with the right arm. Nevertheless, there are players who seem to use both arms with equal effect, whatever the nature of the 'fronton.'

A school of Spanish critics has arisen who find much to decry in modern spectacular 'pelota'; even as with us professional football is by many denounced as a sad prostitution of the game to the public. English readers would not be interested in their grievances. Still, one of their points is worth mentioning. Why, it is demanded, should there not be two longitudinal walls to the playing 'fronton,' and the spectators dismissed to the end of the hall? It is obvious that the additional wall would much elaborate the game. Both arms would then be brought systematically into play. Nor would the public bet and clap its hands in peril of a broken pate.

But the second longitudinal wall is not very likely to be introduced into exhibition 'pelota,' which demands that it shall be convenient as a spectacle. This it would not be were the patrons of the game removed to a corner of the hall, where they would not only be cramped, but would have less facility for betting and far less for close scrutiny of the play and the players.

That the game with the cestus has its risks we see on this particular afternoon. Twice the ball flies towards the boxes with force that would stun, if not kill the person whose head chanced to obstruct it. There are ladies as well as gentlemen in the boxes, and the flutter of their bonnets is amusing as they try to protect themselves. A little later, another incident occurs, which brings impatient adjectives to the tongues of many of the 'pelota' patrons—the people who earn their livelihood seated in the 'fronton' stalls, and more often than not contrive ere the game is finished to make a book which leaves them so many dollars

comfortably to the good, whether the blues or the reds win. The red back is hit on the elbow. By the way he doubles up, you can see it is a bad blow. The game is in fact suspended. A doctor comes forward and the player is treated to lotions and things. Perhaps, if he feels a little faint, he is even indulged with something palatable from a bottle, like the thirsty malingersers on a League football field. The crowd break forth into loud speech and the other players use towels to their red faces. It often happens that the game has thus to be postponed for a day or two, the registered points holding until it is continued. And occasionally a player is disabled for life. One such I was shown in the boxes, following with his eyes the exercise in which he had once been a champion.

The game on this particular afternoon was of an unusual kind. The favourites lost. The betting, which started at 20 to 18 on them, had midway in the match increased its odds in their favour to 10 to 3. But between the thirties and the forties something seemed to go wrong with the back on the leading side. He missed balls unaccountably, or threw them short. His own annoyance appeared to be as acute as that of the public. After his several failures, he stamped his feet and smote the air with his arm. But this did not mend matters. The upshot was that the other side gained the lead, and, keeping it by masterful forward play, won by 50 to 44. The winners were loudly acclaimed by the 'fronton' *habitués*, who make capital books when the game passes through such phases. I am sorry to say some impolite terms were applied by other spectators to the defaulting back. It was assumed that his nerve or muscle had given way in accordance with instructions received—and paid for.

I have referred to the existing literature on 'pelota.' This includes an edifying little book by Señor Mirallas, who claims to show how easy it is to lose money by betting in the 'frontones,' yet how much more easy it is to win money in the same way—if you follow his advice. He gives this advice exhaustively; whether it is good or bad, matters not now. But with his advice he furnishes also a series of agreeable little thumbnail biographies of the leading 'pelota' professionals in Spain. One reads of their lowly parentage, of their accumulated wealth ere they have touched their sixth lustrum, of the features of their play, their emotional self-control or disabilities, and, lastly, of their moral reputation. The Chiquito of Abando, we are told, 'has often been seen to shed tears and made himself ill after losing a game.' He

is one of the players in whom the public may feel confidence—he always plays to win. But there are others, praised for their skill, about whom our biographer is reticent when he comes to their moral survey.

The temptation to translate one of these little sketches is irresistible. The English reader will from this narrative be better able to understand the rank taken by the accomplished 'pelotari' in Spanish society. Though not revered so intensely as the 'espada' who seldom fails to kill his bull in two or three minutes, he yet occupies a very enviable niche in the temple of popular esteem.

Our hero is known generally as Irun, that frontier town having been his birthplace. His real name is longer and less manageable.

'Juan José Gorostegui is twenty-five and of very humble origin.

His first employment, in his native town, was that of blacksmith.

'He had the misfortune to lose his parents when he was very young and migrated to Buenos Ayres, where he arrived without a cent in his pockets. Here he worked at his craft and endured many privations. He was very fond of "pelota" and the little money he could save he spent in taking lessons in the game, at a dollar an hour. Thus by perseverance and such labour and sacrifices as no other "pelotari" ever underwent, he became a skilled player and a professional.

'He is the player for whom the Madrid "pelota" public feel most affection and sympathy. When he plays, his side is almost sure to be made the favourite, which shows what confidence the public feel in him.

'His *forte* is the volley, strong and unrivalled. His play is like that of Portal (of whom it is said that the balls come from his cestus like projectiles), but much more finished in style. He is very greedy, and this makes him lose a few points.

'He has very remarkable fits of energy at times. When his colleague shows weakness or fatigue, or has lost points from one cause or another, he fights like a lion to recover them, and succeeds. At such times there is no one to compare with him.

'I have seen him play a game when his side stood at 35 to their opponents' 46 and the money laid on him was considered lost—so much so, that no more bets were being made; yet he won that game, beating his adversaries by 50 to 48.

'Irun is another of the few "pelota" players on whom one may make a bet with assurance that he will struggle for it to the very last as if it were his own.

'He is, besides, one of those who have used their opportunities most profitably, having made his fortune and secured his future.'

There is no space to say much about the other celebrities of the 'fronton': such champions as the Chiquito of Eibar—'el maestro de los maestros'—Tandilero, Gamborena, EliceGUI, Pedros, &c. The last of these is an idol of Madrid. His strength and agility are such that even with two men against him he can be relied upon to win his game. His father tried to flog him out of his love for 'pelota' when a boy, with the natural result. He threw up his employment as a cabinet-maker and became a professional. Gamborena, too, ought to be noticed briefly. He was first an oxherd, then a shoemaker, and is now one of the most admired 'pelota' players in the world. Though small and physically defective, he holds his own against any one. Best of all, 'he always plays to win, as his last campaign in Madrid may show, when he won thirty-six out of forty-two games. Such men as Gamborena, delicate and ill-shapen though he may be, are the players in request at the 'frontones.' Crowds, both of the betting public and those who care only for the game, give them the welcoming cheer when they step forth on to the pavement, cestus-clad for the fray.

This bare summary of the game of 'pelota' as it is played in 1896 will probably suffice for English readers and athletes. It ought to be suggestive, if nothing more. The imagination may fill in those particulars of which there is no space here to write. For example, the advantage of maintaining an offensive standpoint and giving one's opponent as little time and energy as possible for the initiation of those subtle and well-calculated strokes which are the chief agents in winning a game; and the necessity of a perfect understanding between the forward and back players. Nothing, it may be said on this latter score, is more irritating than to see a ball missed because the one player is too near the front wall and the other cannot get up in time from his position by the far wall.

A game in Madrid ends with the rapid disappearance of the players from the field of play, and the flutter of bank-notes. The Spaniard is in one sense, at least, a good sportsman. He bears his losses at 'pelota' with apparent equanimity.

The question now, of course, comes to be asked: Why does not 'pelota' get introduced into England, where we yield place to no people in dexterity at games of most kinds, and especially with the ball, big and little? Why, indeed? When on this sub-

ject I interrogated in Madrid an English 'pelota' enthusiast, he replied that the training is so severe and long that he did not think Englishmen would have patience for it. One knows, to be sure, that Spain is pre-eminently the land for intimacy with that blessed word 'paciencia'; nevertheless, the answer seems unsatisfactory. What Spain can do in physical training, the British Isles also can do. My friend said further that the expense of building playing-halls is considerable, and that the players must have their 10*l.*, 20*l.*, or even more each per afternoon for their exhibition games. But his strongest point came last. Even in Madrid 'pelota' would not pay as a spectacle if the management were deprived of their percentage on the betting transactions. It is, in fact, the four cents on every dollar won that supports it.

For my part, however, even in the face of this crushing conclusion, I should have faith in 'pelota's' popularity if it crossed the Bay of Biscay into our towns. And very sure am I that, under the supervision of right-minded public opinion, it would with us be in comparatively little peril of degradation at the hands of betting cheats. Once established, it would soon take rank with tennis, football, and cricket as excellent sports and absorbing spectacles.

Spain itself is not unanimous in its estimate of the game. 'Some,' we are told, 'regard it as the most healthful of exercises and the spectacle of spectacles, preferable to all others; while others account it a hundred times worse than the bullfights, because the worship of courage will always be a national characteristic, and because it is better to see dying horses in the bull-ring than to hear stentorian voices shouting the odds at "pelota," which is only apparently a game at ball, and in reality a gambling hell, noisy, scandalous, and discreditable.' These are the words of a member of the Spanish Academy of Sciences, himself an ardent lover of 'pelota' and an ardent hater of the abuses and bets that are its public features. And as of the game, so of its public exponents. They are revered as only accomplished athletes are revered, or they are spoken of with contempt as mere hirelings to whom dollars (at any cost to character) are all, and the game as a game just nothing.

Amid such controversy it is not hard for the disinterested alien to pick his way. 'Pelota' is a very good game, and I hope some day to see it played in England.

CHARLES EDWARDES.



## SOME SPIES.

To work one's way behind the scenes of history, by reading unpublished documents, is certainly the most amusing of all sorts of study. It is like amateur excavations of a Roman villa in Britain: what you find may be matter of no great mark—bits of *tesserae*, tiles, an odd penny of an emperor—but it is your own discovery. Published, your results may be of very slight importance, but the process of hunting for them and piecing them together is full of excitement for you. You never know what you may light upon next, and you handle brown old letters as eagerly as you turn over the pages of 'Vingt Ans Après.' In such researches among the dusty behind-the-scenes a reader constantly comes on the information of spies. Whoever first discovered the letter of Hastings, containing a spy's report on a meeting of Bruce, the Red Comyn, Buchan, and the Bishop of St. Andrews, in Ettrick Forest, during Wallace's war, must have been a happy man. The four patriots, and Wallace's brother Malcolm, collared each other and drew their dirks. It was the scene of the Dead-lock in 'The Critic,' and was in like manner dissolved. This is the beauty of spies: they show you faces long ago dust, alive with passion. Historians do not dwell on it, but Edward I. tried to turn the whole Scottish people into a race of spies. He offered his 'grace,' and relaxation of penalties already imposed, to all who would hunt for Sir William Wallace. Knights and nobles, who had been 'out' with him of Ellerslie in the cause of our first king over the water, King John, accepted Edward's offer, like James Mohr Macgregor when he tried to kidnap Allan Breck. This was in the full age of chivalry, this was the policy of the greatest of the Plantagenets; this was his reading of his motto *Pactum serva: keep troth*. The valet who actually spied out Wallace got xl marks, and Monteith got 100*l.* a year in land. To be sure he was a sheriff of a county, and Macleod of Assynt, who gave up Montrose, held a similar official position. Modern history reckons that they only did a disagreeable duty. But need they have accepted special rewards?

When one first meets a new, a hitherto unmasked spy in manuscripts, one starts as from a rattlesnake. 'You, a gentle-

man,' one exclaims, 'you were, for years, a double-faced hired traitor!' They are usually men of some position, for only men of position were entrusted with important secrets, and could spend the secret wages of infamy without incurring fatal suspicion. This an honest poor Highlander pointed out, in 1746, when asked to sell Prince Charles. A gentleman might do it, but he, where could he hide himself, with all that money? Thus spies have been gentlemen, breaking that rule of honour to which even thieves are proverbially attached: honour, the most permanent of moral principles. In reading through MSS. of the Jacobite period, I found three gentlemen—one chief, and two colonels of clan regiments—who were sold traitors. I also found three Highland brothers, all sold, and one of them betraying his own younger brother, himself afterwards a spy. Their artless excuse was that if *they* did not sell Fassiefern and others young Glengarry would, for he had already, they stated, sold *them* (1751-54). They were particularly keen to 'set' any Macdonald so as to be even with young Glengarry. But I breathe not their names; one of them, at least, was known for a knave to General Stewart, who drops a dark hint in his book about the Highlanders, written some seventy years ago. These gentry, with a few minor scoundrels, all came from the recesses of the hills and coasts where alone cattle-robbing persisted as a recognised industry. Several of the sinners were noted robbers and raiders. This, perhaps, explained their singular depravity. But, turning to Mr. Fitzpatrick's 'Secret Service under Pitt,' I found Ireland a soil infinitely more fertile in spies than the Highlands had been, after Culloden. In Ireland, too, I found gentlemen betraying not only friends, but cousins, and even brothers. It began to seem worth while to make a comparative study of the psychology and motives of spies.

By 'spies' I understand men who, for whatever reason, deliberately betray their own party, to which they still ostensibly adhere. De Foe was a spy, but a spy for his own side—roughly speaking, for the Protestant side. He was an avowed foe of slavery, the Pope, the Pretender, fasting on Fridays, and wooden shoes. The religion and roast beef of Old England were dear to him, for these he was a spy but not exactly a traitor. Captain Armstrong, again, who 'set' the Sheares, was a spy for his own side. He behaved with the utmost perfidy to the two Sheares brothers (one of whom was 'nane the waur for a hanging'), but

he publicly gave evidence in court; he had the courage of his infamy; and he died in old age, beloved and bewailed even by the Ribbonmen! Such spies I put aside; also John Murray of Broughton, who turned informer publicly to save his life; and Æneas Macdonald, who gave information as a prisoner on a charge of high treason. His information, it is fair to say, was never worth a rush to Government, and, like Murray, he remained at heart a Jacobite—as I fancy did all of these erring Scots.

The motives of gentlemen spies, as we shall see, were usually the lack of money and consequent despair, with sometimes a disgust at their own cause, or a sense of injury to be avenged. In character they were usually brave, often hot-headed, almost always proud, and extremely sensitive upon the point of honour. To defend their honour they were ready with sword or pistol. One displayed a very unusual honesty in private life. One seems to have been of pathetic tenderness as a husband and father: *rien n'est sacré pour un père de famille!* One retained, as Mr. Lecky says, 'the virtues of impulse' while entirely deprived of the virtues of principle. Even Glengarry had some regard for his protective duties as a chief, and once shows some concern for a kinsman, young Lochgarry, who again trusted him with an entire and touching confidence. It is hard to be absolutely bad all through, though a spy might be expected, if any one, to attain this excellence.

The saddest and strangest case known to me is that of Captain John Ogilvie; his name appears on the purest roll of honour—that of Dundee's officers, who followed King James to France. 'The officers, considering that they were burdensome to the King of France, humbly entreated King James to have them reduced to a company of private sentinels, and chose officers amongst themselves to command them.' 'Nothing but your loyalty . . . would make me willing to live,' said the King, 'Fear God and love one another.' Among them was Dunbar, one of the four lads who, during some three years, held the Bass against all the force of England. Who knows not how 'the Company of Officers, who always grasped at Honour, and scorn'd all thoughts of danger, resolv'd to wade the river, and attack the Germans in the Island,' while the French general 'shrunk up his shoulders, pray'd God to bless them, and desired them to do what they pleased'? They did it, they waded the Rhine, breast-high, and took the Island of the Scots. 'The Marquis de Sell made the Sign of the

Cross on his face and breast, and declared publicly, that it was the bravest Action that ever he saw, and that his Army had no Honour by it. . . . That Island is called at present, Isle d'Escosse, and will in likelihood bear that name until the general conflagration. . . . Of that company there are not,' in 1714, 'sixteen living.'<sup>1</sup>

And one of them was a traitor: Captain John Ogilvie.

This deplorable fact appears from the fourth volume of the Duke of Portland's MSS. just published by the Historical MSS. Commission. The editor, Mr. Cartwright, does not appear to have consulted the little 'Memoirs of Dundee,' where he would have found the name of Captain John Ogilvie. On February 5, 1705, Ogilvie sent in a paper to Harley. He had a small pension for his services, and lived, after the war, in Normandy. But when Queen Anne granted an indemnity to the Scots, he *alone* was refused a pass and money to carry him over, by the Queen (Mary of Modena) at St. Germain's. What he had done to offend Mary (James was only a boy of fourteen) does not appear. It was not his religion, for almost all of Dundee's officers were Protestants. Ogilvie, at all events, came to England, ran into debt, and sold himself. Like Samuel Turner, the mysterious spy described by Mr. Froude (1797) and identified by Mr. Fitzpatrick, Ogilvie was planted at Hamburg. Hence he wrote to Harley, addressing him as 'Robert Bryan, merchant in London.' He is on the trail of a plot, probably that of 'Glendarule's Knapsack.' His letters to Harley were called for after dark, at Mrs. Ogilvie's lodgings in London.

He wrote from Rotterdam about intrigues with Beatrix Esmond's Duke of Hamilton, who is 'most willing to enter into measures for the Prince of Wales.' Ogilvie does not say 'Pretender.' Blenheim stopped a French landing in Scotland. At Hamburg Ogilvie dines with and is admitted to the confidence of Lord Drummond, son of the Duke of Perth. He gets de Torcy's cypher. He denounces one Mrs. Richardson as 'a prating lying bitch,' whose chatter has nearly unmasked him. Floyd (see Macaulay for Captain David Floyd) has heard of him, and he is suspected at St. Germain's. He wants money—they always want money—and he wails—for he is the best of husbands—over his 'poor wife and four small children.' *His* form of self-excuse (they generally have a form) is that he 'owes his life' to Queen Anne.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Viscount Dundee*, pp. 92-132. London, 1714.

He soon betrays the names of the chief Jacobites, the usual set, with 'the whole Macgregors headed by one Rob Roy, commonly called by that name.' Rob, of course, was himself a spy, as he frankly confesses. Ogilvie wishes to be sent to Scotland, to betray his friends. He does come to London, being trusted with Jacobite business. He must go to Scotland, his wife will spy at St. Germain's, 'for my wife is cunning abundantly,' says the admiring husband, 'and very close minded, and hates the Queen.' They are a pretty pair of reptiles. Ogilvie was on terms of private intimacy with Harley, and wished him to stand godfather to his latest baby. Indeed, one is often surprised at the friendliness between officials and spies, Glengarry, for example, addressing 'honest old Vaughan' as 'dear grandpapa.' Ogilvie reports, from Paris, that Guiscard (who later stabbed Harley) 'has no reputation here.' Always hunting for an apology, he says that he has 'taken no oath' to the Chevalier, 'for when the king died my heart went with him.' Of all spies known to me, Ogilvie suffers most from his conscience. He is also much afraid for his life, and very prayerful. After being neglected and unpaid, Ogilvie is again anxious to start for Scotland in 1707, for James's first futile expedition thither was maturing. He is hampered by a priest of Lord Drummond's, who suspects him. He settles a servant of his own in Scotland. For his part, he warns Harley against the Scottish: 'a man of honour is rare to be found amongst them,' never, in fact, except among 'those that have travelled.' He will bring Mrs. Richardson's love-letters to Harley, 'on purpose to make you laugh.' What a companion for the friend of Swift! On October 18, 1707, Ogilvie, from Perth, reports a plot by Ker of Kersland to seize Edinburgh Castle. But the Scotch suspect Ker as a spy, which, I am sorry to say, he was. A few of his letters to Harley are in this collection. In brief, Ogilvie betrays Lord Drummond, and Colonel Hooke's well-known attempt, and Lord Breadalbane, with whom he dined, and Colonel Graham, 'a particular friend of mine, we were long bed-fellows.' He meets Mr. De Foe in Edinburgh: 'he hath tried to insinuate himself in several companies, but none will admit him.' The Scotch 'smoked' De Foe. By March 1708 Harley's neglect nearly made the bruised Ogilvie turn. 'It shall never be in the power of another minister to cause me ever venture my life or my honour for all the kings or princes on earth further than a soldier is obliged to do.' Yet, in 1711, we find Ogilvie still on duty,

tattling against Marlborough, who had seen an emissary of the Chevalier, and 'given him five guineas, which was a great miracle.' Here the published report ends, and we must wait for later news of Captain John Ogilvie, a despicable blot on the golden roll of the officers of Dundee. At heart this fond husband and loving father probably remained attached to the Lost Cause. We remark his tender care for his honour, and the vain excuses by which he tried to lull the torture of conscience.

The very greatest ruffian in the Highlands, when he tells how he sold himself to Cumberland to betray Prince Charles, remarks, with a snuffle, that 'he has got new lights,' and prates about 'my honour.' So does Macallester, an Irish rogue (1760); he amusingly describes himself as a converted character. 'I was become a proselyte, a proselyte upon conviction, detesting the person, principles, politics, and tyranny of the Pretender. . . . There is more joy in heaven over one sinner, &c.' Joy in heaven over Oliver Macallester, Esquire! Of all spies known to me, Mr. Macallester was the vainest and most empty sneak and blockhead, just as James Mohr was the most egregious lying sentimentalist. Nothing of value could be got out of either rogue, for neither knew anything after Culloden. Before, James Mohr knew a good deal, but then he coloured his information so as to suit the ends of the Jacobite party. Of Glengarry I have elsewhere written at length. No grain of conscience made Glengarry sour. No attempts at apology did he make to himself: like the American hero, 'he done it with a zest.' But, as he complains, writing in his own name, his employer died, and he never received his promised reward. The tradition of his treachery is not yet forgotten in the Highlands. But, though the story is nearly a hundred and fifty years old, I banish from my recollection the name of my living authority for the survival of the tradition. The Irish, like Mr. Fitzpatrick, detect their native spies, whose name (it is Legion) they publish. But the Highlanders do not take this view of history, so I have wrapped my three traitor brothers, already mentioned, in a mystery, like the birth of Jeames Yellowplush.

We now come to the Irish brigade of spies, under Pitt. What a crew they were, what a richness and juiciness in their revelations! Mr. Fitzpatrick has hunted them down; it is interesting to see their points of contact with the comparatively rare spies of Scotland. As to spies in England, we have, of course, John



Forster, of Stonegarthside.<sup>1</sup> But this gentleman may have been a Whig, and is not to be confused with Thomas Forster, of Etherston, and of the Rising of 1715. Even he was deemed treacherous, as we learn from the Rev. Mr. Patten, himself an informer, after being taken prisoner, rather than a spy. But he exculpates Forster. The spies of the Irish Rebellion were much better paid, as a rule, than the Jacobite spies, whom the Government usually bilked. They were also much more serviceable, since, except for Glengarry's revelation of the Elibank Plot to kidnap the royal family, and the disclosures of his kinsman, Barisdale, whom the Jacobites detected, the Scottish spies were really of very little use. The Sempils, of a noble and loyal house, have been absurdly accused of spying by a biographer of Atterbury. The real spy was no Sempil, but one Sample, who was mixed up in Layer's conspiracy.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's most mysterious spy, Samuel Turner, barrister, had a sense of the conventions of the rôle. He dressed the character, and came to Lord Downshire, at night, 'muffled in a cloak, with a hat slouched over his face,' as Mr. Froude writes (October 8, 1797). This conduct proves the artist. Of course, if you want to look like a spy, you muffle yourself in a cloak, and slouch a hat over your countenance. Samuel must have known that, but, like Tom Sawyer, he acted in accordance with 'the books,' 'the best authorities.' Samuel was a son of an Ulster landlord, a Protestant, of course, but a spendthrift and rebel. He conceived a disgust at his Catholic accomplices, he also needed money, so he 'blew the gaff.' Apart from his costume and demeanour, Samuel was astute, and Mr. Fitzpatrick's discovery of him is a fine piece of historical detective work, though, if Samuel had been a Highland chief, I doubt if it would satisfy Mr. Fraser Mackintosh and the Gaelic Society. Sam betrayed his friends the United Irishmen, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, his wife Pamela, 'Lady Equality,' and every one he could think of. He was clever enough to add information against *himself*, and his name does not appear in the list of Secret Service money, till he gets a pension of 300*l.* a year after the rebellion. Like Glengarry's, the name of Turner was concealed even from the Cabinet. I do not observe that Mr. Fitzpatrick attempts to verify the handwriting of 'Lord Downshire's friend.' He had met Hoche and Talleyrand, and he generally worked, like Ogilvie, from Hamburg. Turner

<sup>1</sup> *Portland Papers*, iv. 424.



had an enemy in his own camp, Lewins; there were mutual charges of perfidy. Turner's *alias*, as Mr. Lecky proves, was usually 'Richardson,' also 'Furnes.' He probably 'set' Napper Tandy, who was arrested after dining at his house. According to Mr. Fitzpatrick, Turner, in 1809, was denounced by one Cox, but nothing came of it. He was ill-paid; he only asked for 'a cool 500*l.*' to start with, and his pension was 300*l.* a year. Other spies were more generously treated. He had 'the skaith,' for he was attainted, but escaped 'the scorn,' or nearly escaped it. He was ostentatiously patriotic, and endeavoured to fight d'Esterre, in place of O'Connell (1815). Though he went in fear of his life as a spy, he was a fire-eater, and was finally shot, unfairly, it is said, in a duel in the Isle of Man. He was 'haughty, touchy, and resentful,' but no coward.

The cause of his final duel, and the reason for which the murderer was not prosecuted, remain obscure. His victims may have found him out, and Cox's denunciation of him may have led to his slaying. Beyond social scorn, I know not that the Jacobites ever punished a spy. They merely cut Ker of Kersland, Barisdale, and Murray of Broughton, when these gentlemen were detected. Mr. Fitzpatrick does not give the date of Turner's death, but it cannot have been before 1815, when the affair of O'Connell and d'Esterre occurred.

'A good-natured, hospitable, talented, and dirty fellow,' according to Barrington who knew him, was Mr. Fitzpatrick's spy, Leonard MacNally, barrister. This gentleman reminds us of Mr. Stevenson's Chevalier Burke, he is so genial, kindly, and devoid of conscience. Mr. MacNally was the life-long friend of Curran, who speaks of his forty-three years 'of romantic fidelity.' He 'denounced oppression, defied power, and dared every danger,' cries his biographer, when confronted with Mr. Fitzpatrick's suspicions. But MacNally—once famous as a playwright, and admired by Moore for his songs; later, the trusted legal adviser of Irish patriots—was selling the friends with whom he dined. He fought a duel with Barrington in the sacred cause of green Erin, but he vended green Erin like a box of figs. He even betrayed his legal clients. MacNally's motive is not far to seek. His own neck was in the noose. He was brave, a fire-eater; he rescued a bishop during the Gordon Riots, but he could not face the gallows. His usual signature was J. W., and to baffle suspicion he would speak of 'MacNally' as a third person. 'MacNally might lead blind

Moore to the battle.' 'Pickle' also writes of Glengarry as a third person, it is the common trick of spies and conspirators. Whether MacNally, as 'J. W.,' wrote a feigned hand, as Glengarry did when writing as 'Pickle,' one does not gather from Mr. Fitzpatrick. He was conveniently 'persecuted' by Government, by way of a blind. Henry Pelham, on the other hand, made the mistake of letting Glengarry run about where he pleased, while Fassifern, young Barisdale, Glenevis, Angus Cameron, Sergeant More, young Morar, and many other Jacobites, his familiars, were being arrested (1753). This was likely to rouse suspicion, but there was no help for it. If he did not travel freely he could not collect information. Other spies, set on him, saw that he went where he professed to go. In Ireland, also, we find many spies 'shadowing' other spies. Here is a pregnant note of MacNally's:—

'Curran gives a dinner at his house. *Will be there.*' Romantic fidelity! MacNally was, in the eyes of the Irish party, a clever, resolute lawyer; in private life a rollicking convivial buffoon. He lived a Protestant, but sent for a priest on his death-bed. His step-mother objected, but his son, with a filial piety, observed, 'Can't you let him go to the devil his own way?' Mr. Lecky credits him with 'a genuine humanity of disposition, and generosity of impulse, which never wholly deserted him in the midst of a base and treacherous career.' Other people can be base and treacherous; only an Irishman can also be genuinely humane at the same time. Poor MacNally had often spied on the very priest who received his confession. He did not make a very good thing by his behaviour.

The most successful and cold-blooded rogue was, probably, the man who 'set' and sold the life of the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Among others suspected was Neilson; Cox accused Tighe, Brennan accused Cox; Dr. Madden picked out Hughes; a Mr. Ogilvie was thought of. The person who procured the information was the editor of the Tory 'Freeman's Journal,' Higgins; and the person who gave it was Francis Magan, a barrister, but a man of no family. Tom Moore knew that, at a critical moment, Lord Edward, on his way to the house of Francis Magan, was disturbed, took refuge in the garret of one Murphy, was arrested there, and was mortally wounded while making a fierce resistance. Magan 'set' him; he was to be taken on his way to Magan's house. His family was in desperate straits; his father was deeply in debt to Higgins, editor and Government agent. His name

comes out, in full, in Higgins's correspondence. He appears to have spied upon the spy MacNally. Like other spies Magan was 'proud and even haughty.' He and his father, a draper, borrowed 1,000/., on a bond, from a Mr. Fetherston, who could not get payment, old Magan being insolvent. Years later, Magan, the spy, came and paid the 'cool thousand.' Mr. Fetherston 'could not conceive where he got it.' He acted from filial piety and respect to his father's probity. In 1832 a Mr. Hamilton printed an inquiry into the circumstances of Lord Edward's arrest. He called on Magan, and his sister, with many others, to tell all they knew. The search was getting warm. The inquiry was dropped, and Magan, a reserved formal man, was regarded as a person 'with a nice sense of honour.' He died in 1843, and whatever good a perpetual yearly mass for his soul can do him is punctually done. He left his property, and a squalid, decayed, darkling house of secrets to his sister, who closed the rooms, and lived a crazy life on a landing, 'in the midst of chests of mysterious treasure.' She may have been guiltless, but conscious of her brother's guilt. One thinks of Glengarry's 'sister Bell,' who was with her caitiff brother in his lingering death, quite ignorant probably of the dark secrets in the cabinet which she was directed to 'seal up.'

These are a few spies, adventurous, ardent, unbalanced men, most of them, whose temperament carries them into dangerous enterprises, but whose constancy is not proof against poverty and peril. They are in straits for money (Glengarry had sold his sword and shoe-buckles); they are in the toils of Government, like MacNally; they have a grudge to avenge, as Ogilvie had, or pretended to have; or, like Samuel Turner, they find the adventure tending against their interests. So they sell themselves, and thenceforward live a double life: blustering friends of exiled prince or oppressed people; pseudonymous correspondents of Government underlings, sneaking to secret appointments in empty houses, dreading discovery, disgrace, the dirk. Some are gloomy, like Magan; some are roysterers, like MacNally; all must swagger about their honour; most seem really to believe that they have honour to swagger about. 'On honour,' wrote Glengarry and James Mohr with reiterated *aplomb*. A few lay flattering unctions to their souls, like Captain John Ogilvie and Macallester, an Irishman. Perhaps a few enjoy the headlong risks and the humour of their career. Glengarry was of this sort; a double

disguise was his delight, and he went with a smile to Elibank, and back with a grin to Henry Pelham. Poor MacNally, with his death-bed conversion and confession, saw no joke in the matter. Conspiracies must usually include men of this unbalanced adventurous temperament, but we may expect spies to be rare among anarchists, in whom wealth would instantly create the suspicion of their accomplices. But Turner and MacNally had known sources of revenue, and Pickle could, and did, attribute Newcastle's remittances to Glengarry's friend Kennedy, a baron of the Scottish Exchequer. The destitute anarchist has no such opportunities of excuse for possessing property. The profession of spy, however, is usually ill-remunerated, and a gentleman spy cannot always expect friendly treatment from the other gentlemen who use him. It must have gone against the grain of Gwynne Vaughan to drink with Glengarry, and Henry Pelham cannot have enjoyed being that Chief's 'great friend.' Lord Stair, when our ambassador in Paris, about 1715-22, had some very queer acquaintances, as we know in part, and shall learn more fully, later. Diplomats must need to wash their hands as often and as sedulously as Dickens's Mr. Jaggers.

I have not found, and have never heard of, members of the Scottish Bar who were spies, like Turner, Magan, and MacNally. Yet Edinburgh was full of hard-drinking Jacobite advocates. We never meet such spies in the papers of Forbes of Culloden, or Grant of Prestongrange, or Dunbar of Arniston, but many of Lord Advocate Craigie's papers were destroyed. As for the spies of Cecil, they may be left to Jesuit historians, being too numerous for a brief essay.

Are there no lady spies? I have only met Mrs. Ogilvie, and I think Mr. Fitzpatrick mentions none.<sup>1</sup>

ANDREW LANG.

<sup>1</sup> Ker of Kersland's posthumous *Memoirs* were published in 1727. He confesses that he had gone 'thro' too much dirty work.' There is much about him in the Roxburghe Club's edition of Colonel Hooke's papers.

*A GENTLE ADVISER.*

THE literature of advice is necessarily considerable. Books being principally the work of men and women, it follows that some human nature must go to their making, and nothing, except perhaps erring, is so human as offering counsel. Sometimes, indeed, the two actions are identical. The English people have had advisers of all kinds: dogmatic, inspired, ardent, like Mr. Ruskin; philosophic, intolerant, vehement, like Carlyle—both concerned chiefly with conduct; impatient and truculent, like William Cobbett; uncompromising and clear-sighted, like Benjamin Franklin—both occupied with the well-being of their poorer brethren; and a host of minor counsellors of less comprehensive outlook, laying down the law on this and that matter in every variety of style: among them at least one whose gentleness is his chief characteristic—Gervase Markham by name, a soldier, man of letters, dilettante, and the author of scores of manuals upon farriery, sport, agriculture, horticulture, cookery, medicine, and the home arts generally. Which, says he, in one of his prefaces, if men will ‘once take pains to read them, they will after affirm them worthy of choice bosomes.’

There is a flavour about the writings of this sixteenth-century gentleman that will, I hope, be considered justification of any attempt, although but partially successful, to extract some of it. Gervase Markham, himself an Elizabethan, had a brimming share of the Elizabethan gift of enthusiasm. Words were to these early writers like a new toy to a happy child, and they played with them with as much delight. The old spontaneous joy has passed. Good prose, strong prose, beautiful prose, is now offered to us in greater volume than at any previous time, but for the winsomeness, the comeliness that marked the literature of that early untroubled day of re-birth, we look almost in vain, and soon shall look altogether in vain. But in Markham they grace every page. The world, alas! is no longer new every morning as once it was.

A comparison of the works of the admirable ‘Stonehenge,’ the best all-round authority on sport of our day, with those of Markham, will show what is meant by enthusiasm. ‘Stonehenge,’ excellent as he is, does no more than his work, he indulges in no

rhapsodies; he merely offers instruction, actuated by a sincere wish to make his pupils proficient. For the softening graces of life he has no feeling; they are beside the mark. 'Stonehenge's' treatise upon angling opens promptly and in a business-like manner with a description of the varieties of 'Lake and River Fish.' Markham, on the contrary, begins with this glowing paragraph:

'Since Pleasure is a Rapture, or power in this last Age, stohn into the Hearts of Men, and there lodged up with such a careful guard and attendance, that nothing is more Supream or ruleth with greater strength in their affections; and since all are now become the Sons of Pleasure, and every good is measured by the delight it produceth: what work unto men can be more thankful than a discourse of that pleasure which is most comely, most honest, and giveth the most liberty to Divine meditation? And that without all question is the Art of Angling, which having ever been most hurtlessly necessary, hath been the sport or Recreation of God's Saints, of most holy Fathers, and of many Worthy and Reverend Divines, both dead, and at this time breathing.'

How unnecessary, yet how kindly and pleasant!

The very titles of these kindred books—kindred, although separated by two centuries—indicate the change in temperament. Markham made one collection of his writings—the volume before me—under the heading 'Country Contentments'; 'Stonehenge' gathered his between covers lettered 'Manual of British Rural Sports.' And to-day we are less various, we specialise more. Markham discoursed as a devotee upon all country matters, whether of business or delight; but the modern rule is—One writer one subject. Hence a loss of that generous quality which seems at first sight to be inconsistency, but is in truth only intense catholicity. It is this gift that makes Markham begin his treatise upon Cock-fighting in the following terms, but a few pages removed from the eulogy of Angling quoted above: 'Since there is no pleasure more Noble, Delightsome or void of couzenage and deceit than this pleasure of cocking is;' and so on.

Throughout his books Markham displays this zest; the subject upon which he is for the moment engaged is the finest subject in the world. High praise, when it is honest, is the pleasantest of reading, and hence part of Markham's charm. Superlatives are a little out of date with us. The finest edge has been taken from life; the sun is, in our day, too high in the heavens for the ancient energy and zest. The Elizabethans knew the glory of his rising,

when the dewdrops glistened, and the lark sang at heaven's gate, and enthusiasm inhabited the clear light.

I have called Gervase Markham 'The Gentle Adviser,' because the quality of gentleness has such prominence in his pages. His sentences have a gentle euphony, his poetry has a gentle melancholy, his attitude to life, as we glimpse it between the lines, is one of gentleness. In his treatises he does not command—or, as we say of small tyrants, 'order about'—he advises, suggests, in a word, persuades. 'If you will roast a Piece of fresh Sturgeon,' says he, in the cookery section, by way of courteous opening, and then come the directions; and, 'If you will Roast a chine of beef, a loyn of Mutton, a Capon and a lark, all at one instant, and at one fire, and have all ready together and none burnt,' do so and so.

Not content with his own mild persuasion, the Gentle Markham would have us all gentle too, and herein, I think, lies his peculiar attraction and value. He presupposes an affectionate nature to be a property of his reader. To the owner of a pack of hounds he addresses this passage (in which, as in that which follows, the italics are mine):

'You shall not suffer your Whelps to suck above two months at the most, but then you shall Wean them, and if the house you keep be of great receipt, and many servants, you shall let your Cook bring up your best Whelps, and your Dairy-maid your second best, and the rest you shall put forth among your friends or Tenants, *according unto the love you possess in the Country.*'

And thus coaxingly is the erring Hawk to be brought into the way of rectitude: 'All Hawks generally are to be manned after one manner, that is to say, by watching and keeping them from sleep, by a continuall carrying them upon your fist, and by a most familiar stroking and playing with them, with the wing of a dead fowl, or such like, and by often gazing and looking them in the face, *with a loving and gentle countenance*, and so making them acquainted with the man.'

And in breaking-in or riding a horse, we must never forget to cherish the animal. Note how prettily Markham instructs us:

'Now of cherishings, there are generally in use but three, as first the voice, which being delivered smoothly and lovingly, as crying *holla so boy, there boy there*, and such like, gives the Horse both cheerfulness of Spirit and a knowledge that he hath done well, then the hand by clapping him gently on the Neck or Buttock, or giving him grass or other food to eat, after he hath



pleased you ; and lastly, the big end of the Rod, by rubbing him therewith upon the withers or main, which is very pleasing and delightful to the Horse.'

The antitheses of these cherishing cries are, *Ha villain, car-rido, diablo*, delivered sharply and roughly. Such like threatenings terrify the horse, says Markham, and make him afraid to disobey. But it is not often that he writes of severe measures, and then it is with apparent distaste. If, however, the husbandman is to progress and the sportsman justify his sport, animals must be killed. Recognising the necessity, Markham lays down rules accordingly, but still with gentleness. There are, for example, certain 'Ravenous creatures' which destroy fish, such as the otter and the 'Hern,' and these, in the interest of the angler, must be removed. Among them is 'the King's Fisher (which is a small green bird) . . . and the way to take him is to mark his haunt where he commonly sitteth, which is ever in some bush next the river ; then set a little cradle of limed straws about his seat, and they will quickly take him, for he seldome changeth, but ever sitteth upon one bough.' Alas, there are few of these small green birds now left !

Towards the whole world Markham seems to have entertained a tenderness. Of the well-being of his fellow-men he was no less solicitous. In his 'Farewell to Husbandry,' the directions as to the husbandman's labours for the several months of the year are rounded off with a thoughtful word of advice as to the care of his health. 'In January he must keep warm, and rather with exercise than sauce increase his appetite.' In February, March, and April he shall 'bleed as art may direct.' In May he is bidden 'beware of Mountebanks, and old wives' tales, for the latter hath no ground, and the other no truth but apparent cosenage.' In September he must shun, 'as death,' riot and surfeit. In October he may 'use all moderate sports, for anything now is good which reviveth the spirits.' In December we find this entry : 'And lastly for your health, eat meats that are hot and nourishing, drink good wine that is neat, sprightly and lusty ; keep the body well clad, and thy house warm, forsake whatsoever is flegmatick, and banish all care from thine heart, for nothing is more unwholesome than a troubled spirit.'

Markham, without offence, is always on the side of the angels. Although less explicit and only rarely in the pulpit, he is as fixed in his belief as Mr. Ruskin himself, that without integrity of

character there can be no excellence in work or play. He never scolds, he does not reiterate after the Brantwood manner, but in the expression of his opinions there is neither insincerity nor hesitation. Thus, of the duties of the English housewife, by way of introduction to the unfolding of the whole art of cookery and medicine :

‘Next unto her sanctity and Holinesse of life, it is meet that our English Housewife be a woman of great modesty and temperance, as well inwardly as outwardly ; Inwardly, as in her behaviour and carriage towards her Husband, wherein she shall shun all violence of rage, passion and humour, coveting less to direct than to be directed, appearing ever unto him pleasant, amiable and delightfull ; and though occasion of mishaps, or the mis-government of his will may induce her to contrary thoughts, yet virtuously to suppress them, and with a mild sufferance rather to call him home from his error, than with the strength of anger to abate the least spark of his evill, calling into her mind, that evil and uncomely language is deformed though uttered even to servants, but most monstrous and ugly when it appears before the presence of a Husband.’

Markham was versatile enough to be on the side of the husbands as well as the angels. ‘Let your English Housewife,’ he says elsewhere, ‘be a godly, constant, and Religious woman, learning from the worthy Preacher and her Husband, those good examples which she shall with all carefull diligence see exercised amongst her Servants.’

To-day these passages have an unfamiliar ring. Difficulties are not now solved so easily ; the feminine cry for independence, for equal footing, that rings in our ears would have sounded strangely to those allied exemplars, the Preacher and the Husband. The English housewife has emerged from the simple room, and has taken to the complex novel ! But Gervase Markham (rest his soul !) knows nothing of that, nor could he have foreseen it.

Nor are sportsmen to be less sensible of the meaning of life and the value of godliness. Markham was no supporter of sport for sport's sake, but of sport as an educative, ameliorative influence. And the fairness of sport appealed to him as strongly as its morality. He sets it on its right foundations in recording his conviction—implicitly, perhaps, rather than explicitly—that all the objects of pursuit are antagonists worthy the intelligence of man. Greek, he seems to say, is always meeting Greek. ‘Hunting,’ he writes,

'is a curious search or conquest of one Beast over another . . . wherein Nature equally dividing her cunning, giveth both to the offender and offended, strange knowledge both of offence and safety.' Of shooting, however, wherein the equality is less marked, he naturally says nothing. We feel that a battue would disgust his humanity, that his sense of justice would be shocked by a breech-loader.

Sometimes this insistence upon the morality of sport is disturbing. It makes one feel too little graced with 'sairiousness' to take the field at all. Angling has, of all recreations, fared worst at the hands of its eulogists; indeed, the art has become almost a religious rite. Old Izaak would have the angler a conspicuous enough pietist, but Markham goes even further. He grows eloquent over the necessary equipment a man must possess before he dares so much as to bait his hook:

'Now for the inward qualities of the minde; albeit some writers reduce them to twelve heads, which indeed whosoever enjoyeth, cannot chuse but be very compleat in much perfection, yet I must draw them into many more branches.' Then follows a lengthy list; lastly, 'He should not be unskilful in Musick, that whensoever either melancholy, heaviness of his thoughts, or the perturbations of his own fancies, stirreth up sadness in him, he may remove the same with some godly Hymn or Anthem, of which *David* gives him ample examples.'

Gervase Markham is equally at home in addressing the sportsman in the field and the housewife in the kitchen or simple room. No sooner has he instructed her in her whole ethical duty, as we have partly noted, than he passes to practical facts. We see at once from his guide to medicine that the 'Cookery Book' has not suffered alone since that fresher and more abundant day; the 'Pharmacopœia' has reason to share its grief. Both alike mourn a loss of the picturesque. But whereas in the case of the 'Cookery Book' we at the table are losers too, it is conceivable that our lot may be the happier through the simplification of medical remedies. Most physic is still nasty enough, but the family practitioner of our time mercifully omits from his prescriptions the old zoological concomitants. One of 'the oyls to help hearing' which is recommended by Gervase Markham to the English housewife was prepared in the following manner:

'To take away deafnesse, take a gray Eele with a white belly, and put her into a sweet earthen pot quick, and stop the pot very close with an earthen cover, or some such hard substance:

then dig a deep hole in a horse dunghill, and set it therein, and cover it with the dung, and so let it remain for a fortnight, and then take it out and clean out the oyl which will come of it, and drop it into the imperfect ear, or both, if both be imperfect.'

As a proof that other times have other manners, it might be mentioned that a lady troubled with deafness, to whom a few days ago this prescription was recommended, was understood to reply that she would prefer to continue in her infirmity.

The last prescription might be said to be in the realistic manner. There is something of the lyric manner in this lotion for clouded eyes :

'Take the flowers and roots of primroses clean washt in running water, then boyl them in fair running water for the space of an hour, then put thereto a pretty quantity of white copperas, and then strain all through a linen cloth, and so let it stand awhile, and there will an oyl appear upon the water, with that oyl anoynt the lids and the brows of your eyes, and the temples of your head, and with the water wash your eyes, and it is most sovereign.'

Fair running water, however, is less to Markham's mind than good ale. His faith in the beneficial properties of ale is, in these teetotal times, as refreshing almost as the liquor itself. As to whether ale justified his trust in it, one naturally cannot say, but the more pious and worthy course is to believe so.

'To preserve your body from the infection of the plague, you shall take a quart of old ale, and after it hath risen upon the fire, and hath been scummed, you shall put thereinto of aristolochia longa, of angelica, and of celandine, of each half a handful, and boyl them well therein ; then strain the drink through a clean cloth, and dissolve therein a dram of the best mithridate, as much ivory finely powdered, and six spoonfuls of dragon water. Then put up in a close glass, and every morning fasting take five spoonfuls thereof, and after bite and chaw in your mouth the dried root of angelica or smell on a nosegay made of the tasseld end of a ship rope, and they will surely preserve you from infection.'

'Nosegay' is curious. Ale had virtues also as a lotion. 'For a dangerous cough,' says Markham, 'take *aqua vitæ* and salt and mix it with strong old ale, and then heat it on the fire, and therewith wash the soles of the feet when you go to bed.'

Lest some of these malt remedies should prove too tempting, he offers 'Against drunkenness' a prophylactic measure :

'If you would not be drunk, take the powder of Betony and Coleworts mixt together ; and eat it every morning fasting, as

much as will lye upon a six pence, and it will preserve a man from drunkenness.'

'If you would not be drunk'—how delicately put! The modern guide to health would say brusquely, 'For drunkenness' take so and so. Apparently, Markham's instructions having been carried out, 'you,' who would not be drunk, were at liberty to drink as copiously as you wished throughout the day.

The two following cures for the falling sickness are quaint. This is one:

'For the falling evill; take, if it be a man, a female *mole*; if a woman, a male *mole*, and take them in *March* or else *April*, when they go to the Buck; then dry it in an oven, and make powder of it whole as you take it out of the earth, then give the sick person of the powder to drink evening and morning for nine or ten days together.'

The other is less certain and complete, but having the same necromantic suggestions:

'Although the falling sickness be seldom or never to be cured, yet if the party which is troubled with the same, will but morning and evening, during the wane of the moon, or when she is in the sign *Virgo*, eat the berries of the herb *Asterton*, or bear the herbs about him next to his bare skin, it is likely he shall find much ease, and fall very seldome, though this medicine be somewhat doubtful.'

Markham seldom admits any such doubt. The words that in most cases round off the remedy are: 'and it will cure it.' To the same class belongs this cure for 'phthisick':

'Take the lungs of a fox and lay it in rosewater, or boil it in rosewater, then take it out and dry it in some hot place without the sun; then beat it to powder with sugar candy, and eat of this powder morning and evening.'

Faith must then have had more association with healing than it has now. One wonders how our ancestors arrived at such remedies; upon what principle ingredient was added to ingredient. Were these unholy alliances—the roots of primroses and white copperas, for example—the result of chance and caprice, or the conclusions of laborious experiment? In either case one feels a little sorry for our great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmothers and grandfathers.

Gervase Markham now and again essayed poetry, but with small measure of success. The verse was diffuse and over-saccharine, avoiding statements. Yet there was little reason that

he should feel discouragement at his inability to sing with the highest. He had all the enthusiasm of the poet, although in verse he was powerless to give it expression. Like so many other men, he was a better poet in life than in literature. This gift of appreciation enabled him to detect the finest, most picturesque feature in whatever he bent his mind upon. To a man not similarly endowed, writing upon hounds and their treatment, such a passage as the following would, for example, never have been possible :

‘If you would have your Kennel for sweetness of cry, then you must compound it of some large dogs, that have deep, solemn Mouthes, and are swift in spending, which must as it were bear the base in the consort ; then a double number of roaring, and loud ringing Mouthes, which must bear the counter tenor ; then some hollow plain sweet Mouthes, which must bear the mean or middle part : and so with these three parts of Musick you shall make your cry perfect : and herein you shall observe that these Hounds thus mixt, do run just and even together, and not hang off loose from one another, which is the vilest sight that may be ; and you shall understand, that this composition is best to be made of the swiftest and largest, deep mouthed dog, the slowest middle siz’d dog and the shortest legg’d slender dog, amongst these you may cast in a couple or two small single beagles, which as small trebles may warble amongst them : the cry will be a great deal the more sweet.’

How ridiculous for a man who could write such a passage as this, or compose some of the cookery recipes that follow, ever to wish for fame as a poet ! But often we stumble on our best things.

Gervase Markham was indeed true poet in the kitchen, as in the open air. There the inspiration denied to him when he would consciously serve the Muses, flooded his being and impelled him to great achievement. He writes of cookery in the style of a man with a good digestion, and not as a dyspeptic who knew once the joys of the table but knows them no more. He writes as a man whose days for eating ‘Marrow-bone Pye’ are not yet over. But we are never tempted to charge him with greed ; Gervase Markham was too various a man for that—once again, too gentle. At most he was, in Dr. Kitchener’s phrase, ‘a notable fork.’ Some idea of the estimation in which he held the culinary art may be gathered from the following positive statement concerning the English housewife :

‘She that is utterly ignorant therein [cookery], may not by Laws of strict Justice, challenge the freedome of marriage, because



indeed she can then but perform half her vow : for she may love and obey but she cannot cherish, serve and keep him with that true duty which is ever expected.'

Markham is rarely so dogmatic. For the sake of the marriage tie it is as well, perhaps, that the opinion is not generally held.

To return to Gervase the poet. From what authoritative anthology of prose-poems (as the jargon runs) could this recipe for the compounding of an excellent sallet be omitted?—

'Take a good quantity of blancht almonds, and with your shredding knife cut them grossly ; then take as many raisins of the sun clean washt, and the stones pickt out, as many figs shred like the almonds, as many capers, twice so many olives, and as many currants as of all the rest, clean washt, a good handfull of the small tender leaves of red sage and spinage ; mixe all these well together with good store of sugar, and lay them in the bottome of a great dish ; then put unto them vinegar and oyl, and scrape more sugar over all ; then take oranges and lemmons, and paring away the outward pills, cut them into thin slices, then with those slices cover the sallet all over, which done, take the fine thin leaf of the red cole flower, and with them cover the oranges and lemmons all over ; then over those red leaves, lay another course of old olives, and the slices of well pickled cucumbers, together with the very inward heart of cabbage-lettuce cut into slices ; then adorn the sides of the dish, and the top of the sallet, with more slices of lemmons and oranges, and so serve it up.'

What comely phrases ! Contrast them with the bald and unalluring directions to be found in a modern 'Enquire Within,' such a work as Markham would have edited, and you will see how the felicities of language have passed from daily life.

Alas ! what have we not lost in our search for brevity and precision ? Where now are 'the raisins of the sun,' where the 'very inward heart' ? And the niggard accuracy of *avouirdupois* has taken the place of the generous (if vague) abundance indicated by 'pretty quantity' and 'good store.' None the less one looks upon 'Enquire Within' as a valuable book. From a hasty survey I gather that much of the happiness of the English husband is dependent upon it.

Markham's March-pane recipe is another lyric :

'To make the best March-pane, take the best Jordan Almonds, and blanch them in warm water, then put them into a stone mortar, and with a wooden pestle beat them to pap, then take of the finest refined sugar well searst, and with it Damask Rose



water, beat it to a good stiff paste, allowing almost to every Jordan Almond three spoonfulls of sugar, then when it is brought thus to a paste, lay it upon a fair Table, and strewing searst sugar under it, mould it like leven, then with a rowling-pin rowl it forth, and lay it upon wafers washed with Rose Water; then pinch it about the sides, and put it into what form you please; then strew searst sugar all over it, which done, wash it over with Rose water and sugar mixt together, for that will make the Ice; then adorn it with comfits, gilding, or whatsoever devices you please, and so set it into a hot stove, and there bake crispy, and serve it forth.'

'To make sweet water of the best kind,' he directs elsewhere, 'take a thousand Damask roses.' A thousand damask roses! What opulence! And what a picture it calls up! The English housewife in her white sleeves, her keys at her side; the sunny morning-room; the mass of wine-dark petals on the table; laughing children running in from the rosary bringing more, more! Opulence is indeed the note under Markham's *régime*. Mother Earth is called upon to squander her vegetable riches; fragrant, spreading gardens are depleted to assist the flavour of a single dish. And all is legitimate, all in due order; there is no violence, no distortion, as among Roman caterers and (shall one add?) the superfine caterers of to-day? Gervase Markham could not have been less shocked at a plate of nightingales' tongues than the poet Keats himself.

See what roots and fruits went to the perfection of the best Marrow-bone Pye:

'After you have mixt the crusts of the best sort for paste, and raised the coffin in such a manner as you please; you shall first in the bottome thereof lay a course of marrow of beef, mixt with currants; then upon it a lay of the soals of artichokes, after they have been boyled and are divided from the thistle; then cover them with marrow, currants, and great raisins, the stones pickt out; then lay a course of potatoes cut in thick slices, after they have been boyled soft, and are clean pilled; then cover them with marrow, currants, great raisins, sugar, and cinnamon; then lay a layer of candied eringo roots mixt very thick with the slices of dates; then cover it with marrow, currants, great raisins, sugar, cinnamon, and dates, with a few Damask prunes, and so bake it; and after it is bak't, pour into it, as long as it will receive it, white wine, rosewater, sugar, and cinnamon and vinegar mixt together, and candy all the cover with rosewater and sugar only, and so set it into the oven a little, and serve it forth.'

Of that dish, despite the marrow-bone basis, a vegetarian might partake without sin.

Not only in the composition of each dish is this opulence to be found, but in the multitude and variety of them on the table. Gervase Markham's instructions to the docile housewife on the ordering of a royal feast may be left where they are, but the following counsel, being addressed to 'any Good man,' demands publicity:

'Now for a more humble Feast, or an ordinary proportion which any good man may keep in his Family, for the entertainment of his true and worthy friends, it must hold limitation with his provision and the season of the year; For Summer affords what Winter wants, and Winter is Master of that which Summer can but with difficulty have. It is good then for him that intends to Feast, to set down the full number of his full dishes, that is, dishes of meat that are of substance, and not empty, or for shew; and of these sixteen is a good proportion for one course unto one messe, as thus, for example: First, a shield of Brawn with mustard, secondly, a boyld Capon; Thirdly, a boyld piece of beef, Fourthly, a chine of Beef roasted, Fifthly, a Neat's tongue roasted, Sixthly, a Pig roasted, Seventhly, a Chewets bak'd, Eighthly, a goose roasted, Ninthly, a swan roasted, Tenthly, a Turkey roasted, the Eleventh, a Haunch of Venison roasted, the Twelfth, a Pasty of Venison, the Thirteenth, a Kid with a pudding in the belly, the Fourteenth, an Olive-pye, the Fifteenth, a couple of Capons, the Sixteenth, a Custard or Dousets. Now to these full dishes may be added Sallets, Fricases, Quelque choses, and devised paste, as many dishes more, which make the full service no less than two-and-thirty dishes, which is as much as can conveniently stand on one Table, and in one mess; and after this manner you may proportion both your second and third course, holding fulness in one half of the dishes, and shew in the other, which will be both frugall in the spender, contentment to the guest, and much pleasure and delight to the beholders.'

With this insight into our ancestors' appetites may we not understand more clearly the Elizabethan spirit—its breadth, optimism, radiance? Markham in the kitchen has himself something of the grand manner of the early dramatists. At a table groaning beneath such dishes, so wealthy in picturesque abundance, in essential sweetness and vigour, and withal racy of the soil, there must abide enthusiasm. Our own literature would perhaps be robuster if we could re-instate some of these old eating customs.

E. V. LUCAS.

## PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

*August 1st.*—To Cambridge through Oxford and Bletchley—a most tedious journey. I travelled third class, not because there is no fourth, as the wits say, but hoping the unstuffed carriages would be cooler, as they proved. Besides, I enjoy in certain moods the humours of ‘the masses;’ and to-day I was not disappointed. A woman got in presently with two children, the skin of all three being concealed beneath a mask of dirt. But though filthy, she knew her manners. When one of the children sniffed, she sharply reprimanded her and bade her use her handkerchief; and the dear child produced from her pocket a rag as black as my hat. A party of workmen who entered later extinguished their pipes with complimentary references to this good woman, and laid themselves out to amuse the children; one who had red hair putting it out of window for a danger signal, &c. In the intervals of my observation I was reading the new and charming guide to Oxford by Mr. Wells. As I had no paper-knife and my railway ticket was somewhat flaccid with the heat, I was obliged to skip every other two pages; but what I read was excellently done. Some good friend, however, should suggest a revision of certain of the literary judgments and quotations. Milton had too good an ear to perpetrate such a line as

Who taughtest Cambridge, and King Edward, Greek (p. 211);

and Edmund Campion the Jesuit is an entirely different person from Thomas Campion the poet (p. 244). These are trifles; but on p. 306 I came on a sentence that nearly made me leap from the carriage: ‘Daniel is more likely to be remembered for having given a book to the Bodleian than for any other of his performances.’ And this is the man of whom Coleridge wrote the panegyric in the ‘*Biographia Literaria*’:

Both in respect of this and of the former excellence (*i.e.* austere purity of language and a correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments), Mr. Wordsworth strikingly resembles Samuel Daniel, one of the golden writers of our golden Elizabethan age, now most causelessly neglected: Samuel Daniel, whose diction bears no mark of time, no distinction of age, which has been, and as long as our language shall last will be, so far the language of the to-day and for ever, as that it is more intelligible to us, than the transitory fashions of our

own particular age. A similar praise is due to his sentiments. No frequency of perusal can deprive them of their freshness. For though they are brought into the full daylight of every reader's comprehension, yet are they drawn up from depths which few in any age are privileged to visit, into which few in any age have courage or inclination to descend.

Most people know, at any rate, two lines of Daniel, and to have given even two lines to the poetical currency of the nation is more, O Mr. Senior Proctor, than to have given a hundred volumes to the University library.

Knowing the Heart of Man is set to be  
The centre of this world, about the which  
These Revolutions of Disturbances  
Still roll; where all th' Aspects of Misery  
Predominate: whose strong effects are such  
As he must bear, being powerless to redress:  
*And that unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!*

I am fortunate in numbering among my books Wordsworth's copy of Daniel, which bears on almost every page marks of his appreciation. On p. 199 it might be added to the account of Dr. Arnold's 'not very successful topical verses' preserved in Corpus common room, that they were read a few years ago to Matthew Arnold on a visit he paid the college, and punctuated by that model of filial piety with 'Capital,' 'Capital'!

6th.—Bal——. We are to spend three weeks here with —, who still shoots over his ancestral moor instead of selling the privilege to some wealthy Saxon. We travelled by the night train, Tom and Bob and I in a corridor compartment, the ladies in the *wagon-lit*. I fear I was but poor company. I had just been reading 'Les Aveugles,' for culture comes slowly up this way; and the portentous gloom of that work of imagination 'garr'd me grue,' as folk say up here. So completely had it hypnotised me that I found it impossible to contribute anything to the conversation but a repetition of the most insignificant of my neighbours' remarks, as though they were full of profound meaning. With growing sleepiness the conversation became still more Maeterlinckian, till it altogether dropped into silence. When we were roused at Carlisle by the official coming to examine tickets, the sight of my neighbours fumbling hopelessly about them, and the strange, impassive face of the collector between the two rows of us, so startled my dazed senses that for a moment I thought with horror that we were all ourselves in the play. We had a ten-mile drive from the railway terminus, and

I sat on the box by the coachman, who gave me the names, with more or less scorn, of the owners or occupiers of the *châteaux* we passed. 'And who lives there?' I would say. 'O, just one Patterson fro' Dundee,'<sup>1</sup> or 'Just a writer fro' Arbroath.'

9th.—Among some tea-party guests to-day we were presented to a lady who credits herself with 'second sight.' Though Southron-bred, and not prone to this particular superstition, I confess to having felt some uneasiness in her presence, as part of her quality is to see people's faces more or less covered with a grey veil, according as their death is nearer or further off. Sophia kept her own veil resolutely down, and I did not happen to interest her. Tom did, and though he avoided the good lady to the best of his power, and even at last took refuge in the smoking-room, she tracked him thither; and from what I could afterwards glean amongst his frequent exclamations of 'Fudge!' the sibyl had given him a date on which he would be in peril of a watery grave. It will be interesting to see if he will give up his cruise to Norway. Another odd power possessed by this lady is that of seeing one's head in an aura of other heads, these being the people who have most influenced one. I was delighted to learn that my own cloud of witnesses was so nebulous as to be indistinguishable. Others may lay this to my bad memory; I prefer to impute it to original genius. Eugenia's most prominent companion was a young person with what seemed to be a halo. Him she claimed as St. Aldate, the saint for whom she has peculiar devotion. But I tell her St. Aldate has been exploded by the young Oxford historians; and the wraith is probably the new curate at — in his soft felt hat. We were greatly pleased at the sibyl's success with Tom. 'Only one head,' said she, 'is very plainly marked; and that is furnished with a stubby chin-beard; and has something odd about the eyes, not a cast, nor a squint, . . .' 'It is a glass eye, ma'am,' said Tom, 'if, as I infer, you are describing my gamekeeper.' Surely this is a new thing even in ghosts, the ghost with a glass eye!

In the evening we sat round the fire in the hall and told ghost stories, beginning with the ghost of the house, of whom I then learned for the first time. It haunts the corridor, which is perhaps considerate; though if I were a ghost I should haunt the dining or smoking room, not of course for the creature comforts, but for the society. Scotland has this great advantage over England, that in any company there are sure to be one or two persons who have

<sup>1</sup> These were not the names.

seen a ghost themselves. One lady had seen several, but the particulars were not especially remarkable, except in the case of one which she saw in a street in Dresden pointing to a scaffolded house, which fell the next day, killing several persons. Another lady was more sensitive with the ear than the eye. She was sleeping in a room at a girl's school opening into a large dormitory; at the door came several raps, and opening it suddenly, she found nothing at the other side. By the post she heard that her aged father had been picked up fainting outside her bedroom door at home, at which he had knocked, forgetting her absence. In another house, the lower part of which had once formed part of a monastery, she was nursing her mother who was ill with heart disease; and hearing suddenly the cellar doors being unbarred, and suspecting burglars, she hurried downstairs with the plate that was brought to her mother's room every night, to bribe the thieves to depart, fearing that the shock of their appearance would kill the old lady. But the doors were all fast.

12th.—A fine day in every sense. But, admiring Goldsmith's art in leaving his famous 'Grouse in the gun-room' story to the imagination, I shall follow his example.

15th.—Now that the first fierce zest of slaughter has been satiated, I have begun to explore the beauties of this romantic neighbourhood. The brown-watered river flows through the strath, and there is fascination enough in hanging upon the bridge or walking along the side to watch the water swirling under. We came this morning upon a little dell with a cascade dashing down through it, and on the banks here and there among ferns and thistles a rich poisonous-looking plant, which, not being botanists, we named 'Aglavaine.' It was a picture out of the 'Faery Queene,' and if Una had appeared with her lion we should hardly have been surprised. A little higher, we found ourselves in Beulah, with the Delectable Mountains full in view.

In the afternoon we made an excursion to — in a waggonette, indulging by the way in a form of reciprocal torture, each side calling the attention of the other to the beauties at its back. At the best of times one resents having the obvious beauties of the landscape pointed out to one; even the transports of the judicious are somewhat boring. Coleridge tells a story of how at the Falls of Clyde he was unable to find a word to express his feelings. At last a stranger at his side said 'How majestic!' It was the precise term, and Coleridge turned round and was saying 'Thank you,



sir; that is the exact word for it,' when the stranger added in the same breath, 'Yes, how very *pretty*!' One sight much impressed me. As we were nearing a bridge with a single span, arching considerably, a flock of Highland sheep with black twisting horns appeared suddenly crowding the ridge in face of us. It was quite beautiful.

17th.—This duel between the French and Italian princes is a godsend to the newspapers, and, taking tale and moral together, fills many columns. The moral of the matter is really very simple. Selden in the *Table Talk* is reported as having said: 'War is lawful, because God is the only Judge betwixt two that are supreme. Now, if a difference happen betwixt two subjects, and it cannot be decided by human testimony, why may they not put it to God to judge between them by the permission of the prince? Nay, why should we not bring it down, for argument's sake, to the swordmen? One gives me the lie; 'tis a great disgrace to take it, *the law has made no provision to give remedy for the injury*, why am not I in this case supreme, and may therefore right myself?' We have only to remember that modern law *has* made provision to remedy such injuries to see that duelling is therefore as indefensible in these days as the old 'wager of battle,' of which indeed it is a survival.

18th.—A misty morning; what we English in our violent idiom call 'raining cats and dogs.' The books of the house did not, at the first blush, look alluring. 'Saurin's Sermons' (who was Saurin?), 'The Scottish Biographical Dictionary,' 'The Edinburgh Review' from the commencement, Boswell's 'Tour in the Hebrides'—I noted that for use if better books failed—and then my eye lighted on 'Sir Charles Grandison.' It was just the book for the situation. At noon it cleared suddenly, and we ventured out to the Highland sports at —. Of the party was a French professor, a member of the Franco-Scottish League, who considered it necessary to pay Eugenia compliments, the very elaborateness of which would have rendered them innocuous, even if they had not been addressed to the company at large. He compared the colour of the heather to her hair, at which she did not look enchanted. I fancy the compliment was a classical reminiscence, and I fancy too they were not both looking at the same patch; for the colour varies greatly under so cloudy a sky. The smoke from a cottage chimney which showed blue against the firs gave him a better opportunity. 'To think, Mademoiselle Eugénie, that so much beauty—the exquisite



blue of that smoke—should depend upon the turbidity of the medium. Is it unnatural that the blue of so beautiful eyes should in their turn mediate a turbidity?’ I don’t think Eugenia quite understood the theory of turbid media or the point of the application. But the professor proceeded, ‘It is a grand pity our poets know so little. I am full of ideas, but the expression I can give them does not satisfy. You know our poet Sully Prudhomme. He asks a question which draws tears.

Partout scintillent les couleurs,  
Mais d’où vient cette force en elles ?  
Il existe un bleu dont je meurs  
Parce qu’il est dans les prunelles.

How much more tears should he draw, if like me he knew the answer!’ At this point we reached the field. The sports did not differ from those of other places in the Highlands. Our professor grew very eloquent over ‘tossing the caber.’ He had no doubt that the sport, like the word, was originally Norman, and had come to Scotland with other essentials of civilisation, such as ‘napery’ and ‘carafes,’ in the days when French and Scotch were brothers-in-arms. I confess I have my doubts about this.<sup>1</sup> We Southerners very much resented the intrusion of hornpipes into the dancing competitions. But on reflection I don’t see why Highlanders should not be sailors as well as soldiers. At the dinner-party this evening one of the guests—a maiden lady—gave me much quiet amusement. The servant was offering her the choice of two *entrées*, one hot and one cold, and his fellow attended with the two plates. But the good lady not appreciating the situation, instead of making her choice of meats, tapped on the table for a plate; and continued to do so in a sufficiently imperative manner till in despair the man gave her a cold plate and left her to her devices.

25th.—Our party, leaving the Toms behind, returned by Edinburgh and York. Sophia left the hospitable roof, according to her custom, with a monstrous bunch of heather, a root or two of *tropæolum*, a basket of ferns, and a recipe for scones, begged from the cook.

<sup>1</sup> I quote the description of ‘Tossing the Caber’ from the ‘Voces Populi’ of Mr. Anstey, a gentleman whose pen is as accurate as it is facile. ‘The caber—a rough fir-trunk twenty-one feet long—is tossed, that is, is lifted by six men, set on end, and placed in the hands of the athlete, who, after looking at it doubtfully for a time, poises it, raises it a foot or two, and runs several yards with it, after which he jerks it forward by a mighty effort, so as to pitch on the thicker end, and fall over in the direction furthest from him.’

On our way to Perth, whom should we meet but our young friend H. and his bride honeymooning. They were occupied, when we took them by storm, in reading Maeterlinck's 'Aglavaine and Selysette.' I could not help congratulating H. on finding his Aglavaine, without first declining upon any Selysette with a range of lower feelings. I confess I forgot at the moment that he had been engaged before; but as he seemed to have forgotten it too, no harm was done. Sophia, when his present engagement was announced, had been overjoyed, because, as she said, 'now neither of them can spoil another pair.' I am afraid they both have just a touch of the prig in their constitution. When they had left the train at the little station where they are fleeting the time carelessly, Sophia, always tender-hearted, upbraided me with my unkindness in comparing them to 'those horrid creatures.' But it was plain they took my speech for a compliment, as I knew they must. And I protested I had said nothing nearly so unkind as a remark that fell from her. I was saying to the bride, 'I suppose, when you get home, you will be setting up a *salon*?' And when she blushed and bridled, Sophia put in, 'Take my advice, my dear, and set up a *salle à manger*.' Sophia undervalues Maeterlinck's play through a feminine distaste for irony, which does not allow her to recognise that the author of the prigs knows how priggish they are, even better than the reader. When the book came from Mudie's we had quite a warm discussion over it. 'Now,' Sophia began, 'in the first scene of all; look at this description of Aglavaine: "Her hair is very strange . . . you will see . . . it seems to take part in every one of her thoughts . . . as she is happy or sad, so does her hair smile or weep; and this even at times when she herself scarcely knows whether she should be happy or whether she should be sad." What twaddle that is!' 'My dear,' I said, 'a most unfortunate place to choose for censure. Living here in the retirement of the country you have never chanced to meet a case of emotional hair, that is all. Now I have. At school there was a boy whose hair used to play all sorts of pranks. We used to make him eat marmalade, which he hated but his hair liked, just to make it sit up. That is what the poet means here; both were cases of uncertainty between conflicting emotions.' 'Well, then,' said Sophia, 'what does this mean? "So long as we know not what it opens, nothing can be more beautiful than a key."'" 'My love,' I replied, 'it means just what it says. I have always admired your chatelaine, and I have not the most

distant idea which key fits the jam cupboard. In fact,' I continued, 'you must accept an author's remarks in the spirit in which they are offered, and if he likes talking about hair and keys, he is not to be blamed because you think these subjects beneath mention. And as to the play, you, my dear, *must* like Meligraine, and you, Eugenia, cannot help loving Selysette; and, for my part, I can find a sentiment to echo even in that prince of prigs Meleander: "I wonder what it is that Heaven will exact in return for having allowed two such women to be near me."' 'And I, too,' said Sophia, 'can find something to echo even from Aglavaine: "How beautiful of you! you grow more beautiful every day; but do you think it is *right* to be so beautiful?"'

At Perth, Sophia started the idea that the luggage had not arrived, although these eyes had seen it labelled and put into the van. So after debating the question we started in search. Certainly it was not to be seen, and the guards knew nothing of it. At last a porter advised us to look if it had not already been transferred to the train for Edinburgh, where we found it. What guerdon Sophia gave to that porter is between themselves. From having been brought up by her grandmother, who flourished in the time of 'vails'—a word which, curiously enough, still survives in Berkshire for any kind of gratuity—Sophia has an idea that every servant who is reasonably civil to her should be lavishly feed'd; and, despite the injunctions of the railway companies, she saps the altruistic instincts of every guard and porter by the most extravagant tips. At Edinburgh we paraded Princes Street and saw the usual sights. By a wise provision the bonnet shops and book shops are arranged so that husbands and wives may stare at what best pleases them without losing each other. In one shop I had the pleasure of hearing a lady with an American accent ask for a portrait of Charles III.; but the bookseller was no Jacobite and did not know whom she might be meaning. At the corner of a street we came upon a young prophet preaching to about thirty people. He was good-looking and carefully dressed, his camel's hair being shaped into the frock coat of ordinary civilisation. When we came up, he was proving from the Apocalypse that it was foretold the whole Church would lapse into error as a prelude to his re-discovery of the truth. But Sophia does not like standing, and the prophet took so long over the preliminaries that we were forced to pass on without hearing the new revelation.

I cannot leave the train at York without remembering the

ancient tale of a sleepy traveller going North, who, knowing his weakness, begged the guard to see that he was put out at the station, willy-nilly; but to his disgust found himself at Edinburgh, and 'swore consumedly.' 'Well, sir,' said the guard, 'you can swear a bit, but nothing to the gentleman I put out at York.' Some publisher might do a good turn to himself and to an impoverished order if he would commission a few clergymen in each county to collect the humorous tales of their district before they lose all their original brightness. Yorkshire is especially rich in such stories, the prevailing quality being dry. The following was given me recently by a Yorkshireman as an example of 'red-tape.' A man is lying *in extremis*, while his daughter takes from the pot a fine ham. The old man asks for a slice and is met by the rebuff: 'Thee get on with thy deeing; t' ham's for t' funeral.'

27th.—Home. We left summer behind and find autumn here; for raspberries, blackberries. Bicycles have once more to take heed to their ways, for the hedges are being clipped, and the stone walls of Scotland had encouraged us to ride carelessly.

30th.—The value of local tradition was well illustrated this morning by a speech of my neighbour, old John Brown. I was showing a visitor what few traces are left us of antiquity, and especially a field called 'England's piece,' which I have no doubt, from its neighbourhood to an old camp called — Castle, was the scene of some battle or skirmish between the English and Danes. Old Brown was leaning over the fence at the time, and I asked him if he had heard about any battle fought there. 'It were the battle of Waterloo, sir,' said he, 'so they say, 'wever; and I thinks they're right, becos ye can see the bullut marks in the fence.' Speaking of — Castle reminds me of another curious piece of antiquarian intelligence. The gentleman whose property it is has built a keeper's lodge there in the castellated style; and once, when putting up for a picnic, I asked the keeper by way of pleasantry whether that were the castle, and was thunderstruck and delighted to hear his answer: 'Well, sir, some says it is, some says it ain't: for myself, I rather think it must be, and I'll tell you why: *there's so much more room inside than you'd think from looking at it.*'

31st.—My monthly budget of letters contains several matters of interest. *A propos* of my remarks on the sometimes conflicting ideals of religion and gentlemanliness, a lady sends me an amusing

anecdote of a friend who bewailed to her the loss of a somewhat ill-bred but extremely wealthy neighbour who had been very liberal in his help to her country charities. 'Mr. X is dead,' said she; 'he was so good and kind and helpful to me in all sorts of ways; he was so vulgar, poor dear fellow, we could not know him in London; but we shall meet in heaven.'

The nonsense-verse on the 'ladies of Birmingham' has, I regret to learn, given offence to some excellent dames there, who think it a reflection on their churchmanship. Of that I am no judge, nor had I any wish to be. On the other side, a gentleman sends 'what he thinks will please me,' a pamphlet containing an indictment on the character of the people of that city. I had no notion that their character had so distinct a hall-mark. The first peculiarity he notices is a high sense of their own excellence and capacity, and a habit of making it known to others. A second is undue familiarity. He accounts for these peculiarities by the fact that Birmingham, not being a corporation when the Five Mile Act was passed, became a city of refuge for persons of tender conscience.

If I copy a few more nonsense-verses, it must be on the understanding that I do not commit myself to any theory as to the relation of the spiritual climate of the place to the particular conduct of the individual.

There was a young lady of Cice'ter  
Who went to consult her solicitor;  
When he asked for his fee,  
She said 'Fiddle-de-dee;  
I only dropped in as a visitor.'

There was a young woman of Ealing  
Whose husband was very unfeeling;  
When she had scarlet fever  
He threatened to leave her,  
Until she had quite finished peeling.

There was an old man of Calcutta  
Who had an unfortunate stutter;  
'I should like,' he once said,  
'Some b-b-b-bread  
And some b-b-b-b-b-butter.'

If poetry be, as Milton said, 'simple, sensuous, and passionate,' no one could deny the name of poetry to this last charming idyl.

## IN KEDAR'S TENTS.<sup>1</sup>

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

AUTHOR OF 'THE SOWERS,' 'WITH EDGED TOOLS,' ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVIII

#### THE CITY OF STRIFE

'What lot is mine

Whose foresight preaches peace, my heart so slow  
To feel it!'

THROUGH these quiet streets the party clattered noisily enough, for the rain had left the rounded stones slippery, and the horses were too tired for a sure step. There were no lights at the street-corners, for all had been extinguished at midnight, and the only glimmer of a lamp that relieved the darkness was shining through the stained-glass windows of the Cathedral, where the sacred oil burnt night and day.

The Queen was evidently expected at the Casa del Ayuntamiento, for at the approach of the carriage the great doors were thrown open and a number of servants appeared in the patio, which was but dimly lighted. By the General's orders the small bodyguard passed through the doors, which were then closed, instead of continuing their way to the barracks in the Alcazar.

This Casa del Ayuntamiento stands, as many travellers know, in the Plaza of the same name, and faces the Cathedral, which is without doubt the oldest, as it assuredly is the most beautiful, church in the world. The mansion-house of Toledo, in addition to some palatial halls which are of historic renown, has several suites of rooms used from time to time by great personages passing through or visiting the city. The house itself is old, as we esteem age in England, while in comparison to the buildings around it it is modern. Built, however, at a period when beauty of architecture was secondary to power of resistance, the palace is strong enough, and General Vincente smiled happily as the great doors were closed. He was the last to look out into the streets and across the little Plaza del Ayuntamiento, which was deserted and looked peaceful enough in the light of a waning moon.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright 1897 by Dodd, Mead & Co. in the United States of America.

The carriage door was opened by a lacquey, and Conyngham gave Estelia his hand. All the servants bowed as she passed up the stairs, her face screened by the folds of her white mantilla. There was a queer hush in this great house, and in the manner of the servants. The Cathedral clock rang out the half-hour. The General led the way to the room on the first floor that overlooks the Plaza del Ayuntamiento. It is a vast apartment, hung with tapestries and pictures such as men travel many miles to see. The windows, which are large in proportion to the height of the room, open upon a stone balcony, which runs the length of the house and looks down upon the Plaza and across this to the great façade of the Cathedral. Candles, hurriedly lighted, made the room into a very desert of shadows. At the far end, a table was spread with cold meats and lighted by high silver candelabra.

'Ah!' said Concha, going towards the supper-table.

Estella turned and for the first time met Conyngham's eyes. His face startled her. It was so grave.

'Were you hurt?' she asked sharply.

'Not this time, Señorita.'

Then she turned with a sudden laugh towards her father.

'Did I play my part well?' she asked.

'Yes, my child.' And even he was grave.

'Unless I am mistaken,' he continued, glancing at the shuttered windows, 'we have only begun our task.' He was reading as he spoke some despatches which a servant had handed to him.

'There is one advantage in a soldier's life,' he said, smiling at Conyngham, 'which is not, I think, sufficiently recognised—namely, that one's duty is so often clearly defined. At the present moment it is a question of keeping up the deception we have practised upon these good people of Toledo sufficiently long to enable the Queen Regent to reach Madrid. In order to make certain of this we must lead the people to understand that the Queen is in this house until, at least, daylight. Given so much advantage I think that her Majesty can reach the capital an hour before any messenger from Toledo. Two horsemen quitted the Bridge of Alcantara as we crossed it, riding towards Madrid; but they will not reach the capital—I have seen to that.'

He paused and walked to one of the long windows, which he opened. The outer shutters remained closed and he did not unbar them, but stood listening.



'All is still as yet,' he said, returning to the table, where Father Concha was philosophically cutting up a cold chicken. 'That is a good idea of yours,' he said. 'We may all require our full forces of mind and body before the dawn.'

He drew forward a chair, and Estella, obeying his gesture, sat down and so far controlled her feelings as to eat a little.

'Do queens always feed on old birds such as this?' asked Concha, discontentedly; and Vincente, spreading out his napkin, laughed with gay good humour.

'Before the dawn,' he said to Conyngham, 'we may all be great men, and the good Concha here on the high road to a bishopric.'

'He would rather be in bed,' muttered the priest, with his mouth full.

It was a queer scene, such as we only act in real life. The vast room, with its gorgeous hangings, the flickering candles, the table spread with delicacies, and the strange party seated at it—Concha eating steadily, the General looking round with his domesticated little smile, Estella with a new light in her eyes and a new happiness on her face, Conyngham, a giant among these southerners, in his dust-laden uniform—all made up a picture that none forgot.

'They will probably attack this place,' said the General, pouring out a glass of wine; 'but the house is a strong one. I cannot rely on the regiments stationed at Toledo and have sent to Madrid for cavalry. There is nothing like cavalry—in the streets. We can stand a siege—till the dawn.'

He turned, looking over his shoulder towards the door; for he had heard a footstep unnoticed by the others. It was Concepción Vara who came into the room, coatless, his face grey with dust, adding a startling and picturesque incongruity to the scene.

'Pardon, Excellency,' he said, with that easy grasp of the situation which always made an utterly unabashed smuggler of him, 'but there is one in the house whom I think his Excellency should speak with.'

'Ah!'

'The Señorita Barena.'

The General rose from the table.

'How did she get in here?' he asked, sharply.

'By the side door in the Calle de la Ciudad. The keeper of that door, Excellency, is a mule. The Señorita forced him to

admit her. The sex can do so much,' he added, with a tolerant shrug of the shoulders.

'And the other—this Larralde?'

Concepción raised his hand with outspread fingers and shook it slowly from side to side from the wrist, with the palm turned towards his interlocutor—a gesture which seemed to indicate that the subject was an unpleasant, almost an indelicate, one.

'Larralde, Excellency,' he said, 'is one of those who are never found at the front. He will not be in Toledo to-night—that Larralde.'

'Where is the Señorita Barena?' asked the General.

'She is downstairs—commanding his Excellency's soldiers to let her pass.'

'You go down, my friend, and bring her here. Then take that door yourself.'

Concepción bowed ceremoniously and withdrew. He might have been an ambassador, and his salutation was worthy of an Imperial Court.

A moment later Julia Barena came into the room, her dark eyes wide with terror, her face pale and drawn.

'Where is the Queen Regent?' she asked, looking from one face to the other and seeing all her foes assembled as if by magic before her.

'Her Majesty is on the road between Aranjuez and Madrid—in safety, my dear Julia,' replied the General, soothingly.

'But they think she is here. The people are in the streets. Look out of the window. They are in the Plaza.'

'I know it, my dear,' said the General.

'They are armed—they are going to attack this house.'

'I am aware of it.'

'Their plan is to murder the Queen.'

'So we understand,' said the General, gently. He had a horror of anything approaching sensation or a scene, a feeling which Spaniards share with Englishmen. 'That is the Queen for the time being,' added Vincente, pointing to Estella.

Julia stood looking from one to the other—a self-contained woman made strong by love. For there is nothing in life or human experience that raises and strengthens man or woman so much as a great and abiding love. But Julia Barena was driven and almost panic-stricken. She held herself in control by an effort that was drawing lines in her face never to be wiped out.

'But you will tell them? I will do it. Let me go to them. I am not afraid.'

'No one must leave this house now,' said the General. 'You have come to us, my dear, you must now throw in your lot with ours.'

'But Estella must not take this risk,' exclaimed Julia. 'Let me do it.'

And some woman's instinct sent her to Estella's side—two women alone in that great house amid this man's work, this strife of reckless politicians.

'And you, and Señor Conyngham,' she cried, 'you must not run this great risk.'

'It is what we are paid for, my dear Julia,' answered the General, holding out his arm and indicating the gold stripes upon it.

He walked to the window and opened the massive shutters, which swung back heavily. Then he stepped out on to the balcony without fear or hesitation.

'See,' he said, 'the square is full of them.'

He came back into the room, and Conyngham, standing beside him, looked down into the moonlit Plaza. The square was, indeed, thronged with dark and silent shadows, while others, stealing from the doorways and narrow alleys with which Toledo abounds, joined the groups with stealthy steps. No one spoke, though the sound of their whispering arose in the still night air like the murmur of a breeze through reeds. A hundred faces peered upwards through the darkness at the two intrepid figures on the balcony.

'And these are Spaniards, my dear Conyngham,' whispered the General. 'A hundred of them against one woman. Name of God! I blush for them.'

The throng increased every moment, and withal the silence never lifted but brooded breathlessly over the ancient town. Instead of living men, these might well have been the shades of the countless and forgotten dead who had come to a violent end in the streets of a city where Peace has never found a home since the days of Nebuchadnezzar. Vincente came back into the room leaving shutter and window open.

'They cannot see in,' he said, 'the building is too high. And across the Plaza there is nothing but the Cathedral, which has no windows accessible without ladders.'

He paused, looking at his watch.

'They are in doubt,' he said, speaking to Conyngham. 'They are not sure that the Queen is here. We will keep them in doubt for a short time. Every minute lost by them is an inestimable gain to us. That open window will whet their curiosity, and give them something to whisper about. It is so easy to deceive a crowd.'

He sat down and began to peel a peach. Julia looked at him, wondering wherein this man's greatness lay, and yet perceiving dimly that against such as he men like Esteban Larralde could do nothing.

Concha, having supped satisfactorily, was now sitting back in his chair seeking for something in the pockets of his cassock.

'It is to be presumed,' he said, 'that one may smoke—even in a palace.'

And under their gaze he quietly lighted a cigarette with the deliberation of one in whom a long and solitary life had bred habits only to be broken at last by death.

Presently the General rose and went to the window again.

'They are still doubtful,' he said, returning, 'and I think their numbers have decreased. We cannot allow them to disperse.'

He paused, thinking deeply.

'My child,' he said suddenly to Estella, 'you must show yourself on the balcony.'

Estella rose at once; but Julia held her back.

'No,' she said; 'let me do it. Give me the white mantilla.'

There was a momentary silence while Estella freed herself from her cousin's grasp. Conyngham looked at the woman he loved while she stood, little more than a child, with something youthful and inimitably graceful in the lines of her throat and averted face. Would she accept Julia's offer? Conyngham bit his lip and awaited her decision. Then, as if divining his thought, she turned and looked at him gravely.

'No,' she said; 'I will do it.'

She went towards the window. Her father and Conyngham had taken their places, one on each side, as if she were the Queen indeed. She stood for a moment on the threshold, and then passed out into the moonlight, alone. Immediately there arose the most terrifying of all earthly sounds—the dull antagonistic roar of a thousand angry throats. Estella walked to the front of the balcony and stood, with an intrepidity which was worthy or

the royal woman whose part she played, looking down on the upturned faces. A red flash streaked the darkness of a far corner of the square, and a bullet whistled through the open window into the woodwork of a mirror.

'Come back,' whispered General Vincente. 'Slowly, my child—slowly.'

Estella stood for a moment looking down with a royal insolence, then turned, and with measured steps approached the window. As she passed in she met Conyngham's eyes, and that one moment assuredly made two lives worth living.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### MIDNIGHT AND DAWN.

'I have set my life upon a cast  
And I will stand the hazard of the die.'

'EXCELLENCY,' reported a man who entered the room at this moment, 'they are bringing carts of fuel through the Calle de la Ciudad to set against the door and burn it.'

'To set against which door, my honest friend?'

'The great door on the Plaza, Excellency; the other is an old door of iron.'

'And they cannot burn it or break it open?'

'No, Excellency. And besides, there are loopholes in the thickness of the wall at the side.'

The General smiled on this man as being after his own heart.

'One may not shoot to-night, my friend. I have already given the order.'

'But one may prick them with the sword, Excellency?' suggested the trooper with a sort of suppressed enthusiasm.

The General shrugged his shoulders, wisely tolerant.

'Oh yes,' he answered, 'I suppose one may prick them with the sword.'

Conyngham, who had been standing half in and half out of the open window listening to this conversation, now came forward.

'I think,' he said, 'that I can clear the Plaza from time to time if you give me twenty men. We can thus gain time.'

'Street-fighting,' answered the General, gravely. 'Do you know anything of it? It is nasty work.'

'I know something of it. One has to shout very loud. I studied it—at Dublin University.'

'To be sure—I forgot.'

Julia and Estella watched and listened. Their lot had been cast in the paths of war, and since childhood they had remembered naught else. But neither had yet been so near to the work, nor had they seen and heard men talk and plan with a certain grim humour—a curt and deliberate scorn of haste or excitement—as these men spoke and planned now. Conyngham and Concepcion Vara were altered by these circumstances, there was a light in their eyes which women rarely see, but the General was the same little man of peace and of a high domestic virtue, who seemed embarrassed by a sword which was obviously too big for him. Yet in all their voices there rang alike a queer note of exultation. For man is a fighting animal, and, from St. Paul down to the humblest little five-foot-one recruit, would find life a dull affair were there no strife in it.

'Yes,' said the General, after a moment's reflection, 'that is a good idea, and will gain time. But let them first bring their fuel and set it up. Every moment is a gain.'

At this instant some humorist in the crowd threw a stone in at the open window. The old priest picked up the missile and examined it curiously.

'It is fortunate,' he said, 'that the stones are fixed in Toledo. In Xeres they are loose and are always in the air! I wonder if I can hit a citizen.'

And he threw the stone back.

'Close the shutters,' said the General. 'Let us avoid arousing ill-feeling.'

The priest drew the jalousies together but did not quite shut them. Vincente stood and looked out through the aperture at the moonlit square and the dark shadows moving there.

'I wish they would shout,' he said. 'It is unnatural. They are like children. When there is noise there is little mischief.'

Then he remained silent for some minutes, watching intently. All in the room noted his every movement. At length he turned on his heel.

'Go, my friend,' he said to Conyngham. 'Form your men in the Calle de la Ciudad, and charge round in line. Do not place yourself too much in advance of your men or you will be killed,

and remember—the point! Resist the temptation to cut—the point is best.'

He patted Conyngham on the arm affectionately, as if he were sending him to bed with a good wish, and accompanied him to the door.

'I knew,' he said, returning to the window and rubbing his hands together, 'that that was a good man the first moment I saw him.'

He glanced at Estella, and then, turning, opened another window, setting the shutters ajar so as to make a second point of observation.

'My poor child,' he whispered, as she went to the window and looked out. 'It is an ill-fortune to have to do with men whose trade this is.'

Estella smiled—a little whitely—and said nothing. The moon was now shining from an almost cloudless sky. The few fleecy remains of the storm sailing towards the east only added brightness to the night. It was almost possible to see the faces of the men moving in the square below, and to read their expressions. The majority stood in a group in the centre of the Plaza, while a daring few, reckoning on the Spanish aversion to firearms, ran forward from time to time and set a bundle of wood or straw against the door beneath the balcony.

Some, who appeared to be the leaders, looked up constantly and curiously at the windows, wondering if any resistance would be made. Had they known that General Vincente was in that silent house they would probably have gone home to bed, and the crowd would have dispersed like smoke.

Suddenly there arose a roar to the right hand of the square where the Calle de la Ciudad was situated, and Conyngham appeared for a moment alone, running towards the group, with the moonlight flashing on his sword. At his heels an instant later a single line of men swung round the corner and charged across the square.

'Dear, dear,' muttered the General; 'too quick, my friend, too quick.'

For Conyngham was already among the crowd, which broke and surged back towards the Cathedral. He paused for a moment to draw his sword out of a dark form that lay upon the ground, as a cricketer draws a stump. He had at all events remembered the point. The troopers swept across the square like a broom, send-



ing the people as dust before them, and leaving the clean, moonlit square behind. They also left behind one or two shadows, lying stark upon the ground. One of these got upon its knees and crawled painfully away, all one-sided, like a beetle that has been trodden underfoot. Those watching from the windows saw with a gasp of horror that part of him—part of an arm—had been left behind, and a sigh of relief went up when he stopped crawling and lay quite still.

The troopers were now retreating slowly towards the Calle de la Ciudad.

'Be careful, Conyngham,' shouted the General from the balcony. 'They will return.'

And as he spoke a rattling fire was opened upon them from the far corner of the square, where the crowd had taken refuge in the opening of the Calle del Arco. Immediately the people, having noted that the troopers were few in number, charged down upon them. The men fought in line, retreating step by step, their swords gleaming in the moonlight. Estella, hearing footsteps in the room behind her, turned in time to see her father disappearing through the doorway. Concepcion Vara, coatless as he loved to work, his white shirt-sleeves fluttering as his arm swung, had now joined the troopers, and was fighting by Conyngham's side.

Estella and Julia were out on the balcony now, leaning over and forgetting all but the breathless interest of battle. Concha stood beside them, muttering and cursing like any soldier.

They saw Vincente appear at the corner of the Calle de la Ciudad and throw away his scabbard as he ran.

'Now, my children,' he cried in a voice that Estella had never heard before, which rang out across the square and was answered by a yell that was nothing but a cry of sheer delight. The crowd swayed back as if before a gust of wind, and the General, following it, seemed to clear a space for himself as a reaper clears away the standing corn before him. It was however only for a moment. The crowd surged back, those in front against their will, and on to the glittering steel—those behind shouting encouragement.

'Carramba!' shouted Concha, and was gone.

They saw him a minute later appear in the square, having thrown aside his cassock. He made a strange lean figure of a man with his knee breeches and dingy purple stockings, his grey flannel shirt, and the moonlight shining on his tansured head. He fought without skill and heedless of danger, swinging a great

sword that he had picked up from the hand of a fallen trooper, and each blow that he got home killed its man. The metal of the man had suddenly shown itself after years of suppression. This, as Vincente had laughingly said, was no priest, but a soldier.

Concepción, in the thick of it, using the knife now with a deadly skill, looked over his shoulder and laughed. Suddenly the crowd swayed. The faint sound of a distant bugle came to the ears of all.

'It is nothing,' shouted Concha, in English. 'It is nothing. It is I who sent the bugler round.'

And his great sword whistled into a man's brain. In another moment the square was empty; for the politicians who came to murder a woman had had enough steel. The sound of the bugle, intimating, as they supposed, the arrival of troops, completed the work of demoralisation which the recognition of General Vincente had begun.

The little party—the few defenders of the Casa del Ayuntamiento—were left in some confusion in the Plaza, and Estella saw with a sudden cold fear that Conyngham and Concha were on their knees in the midst of a little group of hesitating men. It was Concha who rose first and held up his hand to the watchers on the balcony, bidding them stay where they were. Then Conyngham rose to his feet, slowly, as one bearing a burden. Estella looked down in a sort of dream and saw her lover carrying her father towards the house, her mind only half comprehending, in that semi-dreamlike reception of sudden calamity which is one of Heaven's deepest mercies.

It was Concepción who came into the room first, his white shirt dyed with blood in great patches like the colour on a piebald horse. A cut in his cheek was slowly dripping. He went straight to a sofa covered in gorgeous yellow satin and set the cushions in order.

'Señorita,' he said, and spread out his hands. The tears were in his eyes. 'Half of Spain,' he added, 'would rather that it had been the Queen—and the world is poorer.'

A moment later Concha came into the room dragging on his cassock.

'My child, we are in God's hand,' he said, with a break in his gruff voice.

And then came the heavy step of one carrying sorrow.

Conyngham laid his burden on the sofa. General Vincente

was holding his handkerchief to his side, and his eyes, which had a thoughtful look, saw only Estella's face.

'I have sent for a doctor,' said Conyngham. 'Your father is wounded.'

'Yes,' said Vincente, immediately; 'but I am in no pain, my dear child. There is no reason, surely, for us to distress ourselves.'

He looked round and smiled.

'And this good Conyngham,' he added, 'carried me like a child.'

Julia was on her knees at the foot of the sofa, her face hidden in her hands.

'My dear Julia,' he said, 'why this distress?'

'Because all of this is my doing,' she answered, lifting her drawn and terror-stricken face.

'No, no!' said Vincente, with a characteristic pleasantry. 'You take too much upon yourself. All these things are written down for us beforehand. We only add the punctuation—delaying a little or hurrying a little.'

They looked at him silently, and assuredly none could mistake the shadows that were gathering on his face. Estella, who was holding his hand, knelt on the floor by his side, quiet and strong, offering silently that sympathy which is woman's greatest gift.

Concepcion, who perhaps knew more of this matter than any present, looked at Concha and shook his head. The priest was buttoning his cassock and began to seek something in his pocket.

'Your breviary?' whispered Concepcion, 'I saw it lying out there—among the dead.'

'It is a comfort to have one's duty clearly defined,' said the General suddenly in a clear voice. He was evidently addressing Conyngham. 'One of the advantages of a military life. We have done our best, and this time we have succeeded. But—it is only deferred. It will come at length, and Spain will be a republic. It is a failing cause—because, at the head of it—is a bad woman.'

Conyngham nodded, but no one spoke. No one seemed capable of following his thoughts. Already he seemed to look at them as from a distance, as if he had started on a journey and was looking back. During this silence there came a great clatter in the streets and a sharp voice cried 'Halt!' The General turned his eyes towards the window.

'The cavalry,' said Conyngham, 'from Madrid.'

'I did not expect—they,' said Vincente, slowly, 'before the dawn.'

The sound of the horses' feet and the clatter of arms died away as the troop passed on towards the Calle de la Ciudad, and the quiet of night was again unbroken.

Then Concha, getting down on to his knees, began reciting from memory the office, which, alas! he knew too well.

When it was finished and the gruff voice died away, Vincente opened his eyes.

'Every man to his trade,' he said, with a little laugh.

Then suddenly he made a grimace.

'A twinge of pain,' he said, deprecatingly, as if apologising for giving them the sorrow of seeing it. 'It will pass—before the dawn.'

Presently he opened his eyes again and smiled at Estella before he moved with a tired sigh and turned his face towards that Dawn which knows no eventide.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE DAWN OF PEACE.

'Quien no ama, no vive.'

THE fall of Morella had proved to be, as many anticipated, the knell of the Carlist cause. Cabrera, that great general and consummate leader, followed Don Carlos, who had months earlier fled to France. General Espartero—a man made and strengthened by circumstances—was now at the height of his fame, and for the moment peace seemed to be assured to Spain. It was now a struggle between Espartero and Queen Christina. But with these matters the people of Spain had little to do. Such warfare of the council-chamber and the boudoir is carried on quietly, and the sound of it rarely reaches the ear, and never the heart, of the masses. Politics, indeed, had been the daily fare of the Spaniards for so long that their palates were now prepared to accept any sop so long as it was flavoured with peace. Aragon was devastated, and the northern provinces had neither seed nor labourers for the coming autumn. The peasants who, having lost faith in Don Carlos, rallied round Cabrera, now saw themselves abandoned by their worshipped leader, and turned hopelessly enough homewards.

Thus gradually the country relapsed into quiet, and empty garners compelled many to lay aside the bayonet and take up the spade who, having tasted the thrill of battle, had no longer any taste for the ways of peace.

Frederick Conyngham was brought into sudden prominence by the part he played in the disturbance at Toledo—which disturbance proved, as history tells, to be a forerunner of the great revolution a year later in Madrid. Promotion was at this time rapid, and the Englishman made many strides in a few months. Jealousy was so rife among the Spanish leaders, Christinos distrusted so thoroughly the reformed Carlists, that one who was outside these petty considerations received from both sides many honours on the sole recommendation of his neutrality.

‘And besides,’ said Father Concha, sitting in the sunlight on his church steps at Ronda reading to the barber, and the shoemaker, and other of his parishioners, the latest newspaper, ‘and besides—he is clever.’

He paused, slowly taking a pinch of snuff.

‘Where the river is deepest it makes least noise,’ he added.

The barber wagged his head after the manner of one who will never admit that he does not understand an allusion. And before any could speak the clatter of horses in the narrow street diverted attention. Concha rose to his feet.

‘Ah!’ he said, and went forward to meet Conyngham, who was riding with Concepcion at his side.

‘So you have come, my son,’ he said, shaking hands. He looked up into the Englishman’s face which was burnt brown by service under a merciless sun. Conyngham looked lean and strong, but his eyes had no rest in them. This was not a man who had all he wanted.

‘Are you come to Ronda, or are you passing through?’ asked the priest.

‘To Ronda. As I passed the Casa Barena I made inquiries. The ladies are in the town, it appears.’

‘Yes; they are with Estella in the house you know—unless you have forgotten it.’

‘No,’ answered Conyngham getting out of the saddle. ‘No, I have forgotten nothing.’

Concepcion came forward and led the horse away.

‘I will walk to the Casa Vincente. Have you the time to accompany me?’ said Conyngham.

'I have always time—for my neighbour's business,' replied Concha. And they set off together.

'You walk stiffly,' said Concha. 'Have you ridden far?'

'From Osuna—forty miles since daybreak.'

'You are in a hurry.'

'Yes, I am in a hurry.'

Without further comment he extracted from inside his smart tunic a letter—the famous letter in a pink envelope—which he handed to Concha.

'Yes,' said the priest, turning it over. 'You and I first saw this in the Hotel de la Marina at Algeciras, when we were fools not to throw it into the nearest brazier. We should have saved a good man's life, my friend.'

He handed the letter back and thoughtfully dusted his cassock where it was worn and shiny with constant dusting, so that the snuff had naught to cling to.

'And you have got it—at last. Holy saints—these Englishmen! Do you always get what you want, my son?'

'Not always,' replied Conyngham with an uneasy laugh. 'But I should be a fool not to try.'

'Assuredly,' said Concha, 'assuredly. And you have come to Ronda—to try?'

'Yes.'

They walked on in silence, on the shady side of the street, and presently passed and saluted a priest—one of Concha's colleagues in this city of the South.

'There walks a tragedy,' said Concha, in his curt way. 'Inside every cassock there walks a tragedy—or a villain.'

After a pause it was Concha who again broke the silence. Conyngham seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts.

'And Larralde——?' said the priest.

'I come from him—from Barcelona,' answered Conyngham, 'where he is in safety. Catalonia is full of such as he. Sir John Pleydell, before leaving Spain, bought this letter for two hundred pounds—a few months ago—when I was a poor man and could not offer a price for it. But Larralde disappeared when the plot failed, and I have only found him lately in Barcelona.'

'In Barcelona,' echoed Concha.

'Yes; where he can take a passage to Cuba, and where he awaits Julia Barena.'

'Ah!' said Concha, 'so he also is faithful—because life is not

long, my son. That is the only reason. How wise was the great God when he made a human life short !'

'I have a letter,' continued Conyngham, 'from Larralde to the Señorita Barena.'

'So you parted friends in Barcelona—after all—when his knife has been between your shoulders?'

'Yes.'

'God bless you, my son!' said the priest in Latin, with his careless, hurried gesture of the Cross.

After they had walked a few paces he spoke again.

'I shall go to Barcelona with her,' he said, 'and marry her to this man. When one has no affairs of one's own there always remain—for old women and priests—the affairs of one's neighbour. Tell me—' he paused and looked fiercely at him under shaggy brows. 'Tell me why you came to Spain.'

'You want to know who and what I am—before we reach the Calle Mayor,' said Conyngham.

'I know what you are, *amigo mio*, better than yourself perhaps.'

As they walked through the narrow streets Conyngham told his simple history, dwelling more particularly on the circumstances preceding his departure from England, and Concha listened with no further sign of interest than a grimace or a dry smile here and there.

'The mill gains by going and not by standing still,' he said, and added, after a pause, 'But it is always a mistake to grind another's wheat for nothing.'

They were now approaching the old house in the Calle Mayor, and Conyngham lapsed into a silence which his companion respected. They passed under the great doorway into the patio, which was quiet and shady at this afternoon hour. The servants, of whom there are a multitude in all great Spanish houses, had apparently retired to the seclusion of their own quarters. One person alone was discernible amid the orange trees and in the neighbourhood of the murmuring fountain. She was asleep in a rocking-chair, with a newspaper on her lap. She preferred the patio to the garden, which was too quiet for one of her temperament. In the patio she found herself better placed to exchange a word with those engaged in the business of the house, to learn, in fact, from the servants the latest gossip, to ask futile questions of them, and to sit in that idleness which will not allow others to be employed. In a word, this was the Señora Barena,



and Concha, seeing her, stood for a moment in hesitation. Then, with a signal to Conyngham, he crept noiselessly across the tessellated pavement to the shadow of the staircase. They passed up the broad steps without sound and without awaking the sleeping lady. In the gallery above, the priest paused and looked down into the courtyard, his grim face twisted in a queer smile. Then, at the woman sitting there—at life and all its illusions perhaps—he shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

In the drawing-room they found Julia, who leapt to her feet and hurried across the floor when she saw Conyngham. She stood looking at him breathlessly, her whole history written in her eyes.

'Yes,' she whispered, as if he had called her. 'Yes—what is it? Have you come to tell me—something?'

'I have come to give you a letter, *Señorita*,' he answered, handing her Larralde's missive. She held out her hand and never took her eyes from his face.

Concha walked to the window—the window whence the Alcalde of Ronda had seen Conyngham hand Julia Barenna another letter. The old priest stood looking down into the garden, where, amid the feathery foliage of the pepper trees and the bamboos, he could perceive the shadow of a black dress. Conyngham also turned away, and thus the two men who held this woman's happiness in the hollow of their hands stood listening to the crisp rattle of the paper as she tore the envelope and unfolded her lover's letter. A great happiness and a great sorrow are alike impossible of realisation. We only perceive their extent when their importance has begun to wane.

Julia Barenna read the letter through to the end, and it is possible (for women are blind in such matters) failed to perceive the selfishness in every line of it. Then, with the message of happiness in her hand, she returned to the chair she had just quitted, with a vague wonder in her mind, and the very human doubt that accompanies all possession, as to whether the price paid has not been too high.

Concha was the first to move. He turned and crossed the room towards Conyngham.

'I see,' he said, 'Estella in the garden.'

And they passed out of the room together, leaving Julia Barenna alone with her thoughts. On the broad stone balcony Concha paused.

'I will stay here,' he said. He looked over the balustrade. *Señora Barenna* was still asleep.

'Do not awake her,' he whispered. 'Let all sleeping things sleep.'

Conyngham passed down the stairs noiselessly, and through the doorway into the garden.

'And at the end—the Gloria is chanted,' said Concha, watching him go.

The scent of the violets greeted Conyngham as he went forward beneath the trees planted there in the Moslems' day. The running water murmured sleepily as it hurried in its narrow channel towards the outlet through the grey wall, whence it leapt four hundred feet into the Tajo below.

Estella was seated in the shade of a gnarled fig tree, where tables and chairs indicated the Spanish habit of an out-of-door existence. She rose as he came towards her and met his eyes gravely. A gleam of sun glancing through the leaves fell on her golden hair, half hidden by the mantilla, and showed that she was pale with some fear or desire.

'Señorita,' he said, 'I have brought you the letter.'

He held it out and she took it, turning over the worn envelope absent-mindedly.

'I have not read it myself, and am permitted to give it to you on one condition—namely, that you destroy it as soon as you have read it.'

She looked at it again.

'It contains the lives of many men—their lives and the happiness of those connected with them,' said Conyngham. 'That is what you hold in your hand, Señorita—as well as my life and happiness.'

She raised her dark eyes to his for a moment, and their tenderness was not of earth or of this world at all. Then she tore the envelope and its contents slowly into a hundred pieces and dropped the fluttering papers into the stream pacing in its marble bed towards the Tajo and the oblivion of the sea.

'There—I have destroyed the letter,' she said, with a thoughtful little smile. Then looking up she met his eyes.

'I did not want it. I am glad you gave it to me. It will make a difference to our lives. Though—I never wanted it.'

Then she came slowly towards him.

THE END.

